Jester's Picnic.

...rtz was a drunkard. He was once engaged ...ament the ceiling of a public building, and ...o be paid so much a day for his work; but ...s so fond of tippling that his employers ...obliged to hire another man to watch the ...painter. Finding that he could not go to ...ern as often as he wished, he resolved upon ...sing a piece of deception. He stuffed a ...f stockings similar to those he was in the ...of wearing, and hung them down from his ...g whenever he left his work. The watch- ...alled in two or three times a day, but see- ...pair of legs hanging down suspected noth- ...nd reported to his employers that Swartz ...reformed! The roguish painter thus con- ...d to absent himself for whole days.

...gentleman, on a visit to Washington, one ...ery coolly opened the door of the Senate ...ber, and was about to pass in, when the ...keeper asked,—"Are you a privileged mem- ...

"What do you mean by that?" asked the ...per.

...e reply was, "A governor, an ex-member ...ngress, or a foreign minister."

...e stranger replied that he was a minister. "From what court or country, if you please?" ...d the official.

...ry gravely pointing up, the stranger re- ... "From heaven, sir!"

... this the door-keeper waggishly remarked: ...is government at present holds no inter- ...se with that foreign power."

...A Spaniard sent his son to the University of ...lamanca, and told him to study economy, and ...at beef rather than poultry. On arriving, the ...ig gentleman asked the price of cows,—"out 20 dollars." "And patridges." "Twen- ...ve cents." "I must live on patridges," ... he, "they are decidedly the cheaper of the ...o"

...A gentleman playing cards at Baden-Baden ...much annoyed by an inquisitive stranger, ...stood beside him and pried into his hand— ...ast he took a pinch of snuff and administered ...his tormentor, immediately saying, "I beg ...r pardon, but you were so near me, sir, I mis- ...k your nose for my own."

...For goodness sake, Tom, pay me those dol- ...you owe me."

...Be easy, Ned, I'll pay you next week in ...ne shape."

...Let the shape be as like my two dollars as ...sible, will you?"

..."A posthumous work!" said a little urchin ...is father the other day, as he looked at the ...st page of the "Slave of the Lamp." "What ...posthumous work?"

..."Only, sonny, it's a work that an author pub- ...es after he is dead."

...A rich Englishman on dying left legacies to all ...servants, except the steward, but he was re- ...membered in his will as follows:—"I leave ...thing to my steward *because* he has been in my ...vice twenty years." Of course the fellow had ...thered his nest.

...The Count de Grammont was dining one day ...y poorly at Charles II's table, and seeing the ...ward hand the dishes to his majesty, kneeling, ...ording to custom, said: "Sire, your steward ...asking your pardon for the meagre fare he sets ...ore you."

...Every one knows that Sheridan was constantly ...ret by duns. A gentleman once quoting, in his ...aring, the trite maxim:—"He who pays his ...bts enriches himself," exclaimed:—"Don't ...lieve it, my dear. It's a rascally story, circu- ...ted by one's creditors."

...The Count de Marsan was one day eating a ...h he did not either relish or know by name. ...What's this?" he asked the landlord. "Whip- ...d cream, my lord." "It deserves to be whip- ...d, it is so bad," was the reply.

...Fontenelle said there were three things he al- ...ys loved and never understood—painting, ...sic and the fair.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE IRON CROSS:

—OR,—

THE COUNTESS OF ERROL.

A Tale of High and Low Life.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNTESS OF ERROL.

THE aristocracy of the great city was in commotion. A live countess had arrived, and was stopping with her suite at one of the principal hotels. She was an English lady—her name was booked as Matilda Landowne, and she was Countess of Errol. She was also a widow, and worth many millions of dollars. Of course society was all agog. Billets and cards flooded in upon her until she was forced to throw them aside without opening them, and so many people asked for admittance that she was obliged to close her doors to all. She was a noble-looking woman, not over forty, and yet retaining all the freshness and beauty of her younger days. A close observer would have seen that the color of her cheeks was natural, and that the rich, dark curls that clustered about her neck and temples were the product of her own head. She was of medium size, rather prone to *embonpoint*, but of fine proportions. She had only two servants with her, both girls, intending to hire a carriage as she wanted it.

One morning when Mr. John Loman entered his counting-room he found a note directed to himself, and on breaking the seal he read as follows:

"——House, March 27, 18—.

"MR. JOHN LOMAN—Dear Sir: If you will call upon me to-day, between the hours of eleven and twelve, you will confer a great favor on

Yours truly, MATILDA LANDOWNE."

"P. S. Hand the enclosed card to the clerk of the house, and he will show you to my apartments. L."

The card was a richly embossed thing, bearing the escutcheon of the Earl of Errol, and containing the simple name, "*Landowne*."

Mr. Loman was all of a tremor. What could the countess want of him? For an hour he walked up and down his counting-room trying to study up some reasonable probability as to the cause or intent of this unexpected summons, but he could not think of anything that appeared plausible.

"By my soul!" he uttered to himself, "it's lucky I haven't proposed yet to any of my widowed friends, for why may I not stand a chance here?"

And upon this idea the merchant allowed his mind to run with much hope. At ten o'clock he went home and dressed himself in his most fashionable suit. He found his children both in the library, and to them he communicated the startling news.

"What can it be?" exclaimed Arabella, the oldest girl, jumping to her feet and clapping her hands. "O, you'll make her visit here, wont you, papa?"

"If I can, of course I shall."

Arabella was a tall, proud girl, with a face of some beauty, but which had become sadly marred by the evil passions to which she had given a home in her bosom. Her hair was black, and so were her eyes—just like her father's. It may have seemed strange to some that there should be such a difference in the two sisters; but those who had been long acquainted with the family did not wonder at all, for they knew that Arabella was like her father—that she had inherited his strong temper and inordinate pride. But Rosamond had received her characteristics from her mother. That mother had been one of the sweetest creatures—high-minded, kind, loving, virtuous woman. She had been brought up in honest poverty, but as she approached womanhood a relative bequeathed her a fortune, and John Loman married her. She never loved wealth, save in so far as it could be the means of enabling her to do good, and it had ever been her aim to teach her children to set no great hopes upon gold, but rather to found their hopes on those nobler qualities of the soul which misfortune cannot take away. Arabella would never listen to such teaching, but Rosamond was an attentive scholar, and she had not forgotten one of the valuable lessons her sainted mother had taught her.

"Do make her come, if you can," cried Arabella. "O, if she would only visit here first. Do make her come, papa."

Rosamond said nothing, for in truth she cared nothing about it; only she felt some curiosity to know what the countess could want of her father, although even that curiosity she kept to herself.

Precisely at eleven o'clock, Mr. Loman was at the office of the hotel, and having handed the card to the clerk he was shown up to one of the private parlors, and in a few moments afterwards he was joined by the countess. She looked very beautiful, but yet she was dressed plainly, without ornament of any kind, and even without gloves. She bowed very gracefully, and with a smile extended her hand.

"Mr. Loman, I think?"

"That's my name, madam. And you are the Countess of Errol?"

"My name is Landowne, sir; but I suppose I must put off my title in your republican country."

"O, not by any means, madam," cried Loman, with enthusiasm. "Say, rather, we should have them introduced here."

"That would be useless, sir, for if I mistake not you have a nobility here far more worthy than the titled ones of Europe. But I suppose I am Countess of Errol. I had the fortune to marry a most excellent husband, and he had the misfortune to be an earl," quietly replied the lady.

"Misfortune, madam?"

"Yes, for the duties of his office wore his life away."

"Ah," said the scheming merchant, assuming a sad tone to echo the sadness of the lady's last remark—"then you know what it is to lose the companion of one's love? I have borne that grief. Ah, what a season of domestic darkness follows such a bereavement!"

"It is sad, sir," returned the countess, with much feeling.

"Ay," added Loman, feeling sure that he had discovered the way to the widow's heart, "it is not only sad, but the heart almost breaks beneath the burden. O, what should we be without the faith of kind heaven in such an hour!"

"You speak truly now, sir."

"Because I speak from experience, lady But I will not intrude my private feelings upon a stranger."

"I beg you will consider your words of sympathy no intrusion, sir, for I assure you that they touch a sympathising chord in my bosom; and, moreover, a friend who can sympathize with me in sorrow as well as in joy, is a boon I had not expected readily to find here."

"Ah, madam, experience in sorrow makes friends very quickly sometimes. Why is it that thus to you for the first time I speak my soul's deepest feelings? During a widowerhood of five years, I have not before spoken such words outside of my own family circle as I have now spoken to you. But something in your very face told me that I might find sympathy in your soul. Alas, we find not how cold the world can be until misfortune overtakes us. I have literally crowded my way through the host of flatterers who have surrounded me, but few real friends could I prove. I doubt not you have experienced the same?"

"I think so," returned the lady; and a faint smile crept over her face as she spoke. "But I suppose you are anxious to know why I sent for you?"

"Of course I am curious to know."

"Then draw your chair nearer, and I will open the business. You are acquainted with a Mr. Adam Wagner?"

"Yes, madam. He was one of my dearest friends. He is in Europe now."

"I saw him in London," resumed the countess, "and he directed me to call upon you as the one most likely to help me in my present business."

"If it be anything within my power, madam, you may trust me."

The countess called to her attendant and bade her see that no one was admitted to disturb her, and then she bade Mr. Loman follow her. She led the way to a smaller apartment where there was a desk and writing materials, and having taken a seat she opened one of the departments of the desk, and took therefrom a package of papers. One of these she drew out and opened. It contained two pages of closely written matter, and its appearance evidently indicated it had been very recently written.

"Here, sir," she said, "is a plain statement of my business, and in placing it in your hands, I feel that I am trusting one in whom I may repose the fullest confidence. Not a word of this do I wish you to speak to any one."

"You may trust me, madam, even with your life itself; and you may also rest under the assurance that the more faithfully I serve you the more joy shall I feel."

"Then, sir, will you read this? I might have told it all in words, but I chose to write it down."

John Loman took the paper and commenced to read.

"Ha," he uttered, after having read a few lines, "are you then—"

"Never mind now, sir. Read it first."

And so the merchant went on with the reading. At first his face wore a puzzled look, but gradually the expression changed to one of rank astonishment, and ever and anon he would stop in his reading and go back, as though he feared he might not have read aright. When he had finished it he folded the paper up and rested his hands upon his knees.

"What think you?" asked the countess, nervously and anxiously.

"It is very strange," returned the merchant, musingly.

"I know it is strange—extremely so—but can you help me?"

"I can, if any one can."

"And will you help me?" she asked, earnestly.

"Most surely, if I can. Nothing could give me greater joy. Shall I keep this?"

"I should prefer to keep it, sir. I suppose you know all its contents?"

Loman cast his eyes over the document once more, and then he handed it back to its rightful owner, saying as he did so:

"God grant that I may help you in this. At any rate you shall have the benefit of all my energies."

"You will go at it at once?"

"Immediately, madam."

"You shall be nobly rewarded."

"If you speak of such reward as the true man feels who does a Christian's duty, then I shall surely be rewarded, but if you mean more than that, then you do not know me."

The countess at that moment felt more grateful than she could express in words. A doubt of the merchant's truth did not dwell in her mind, but she thought him the very soul of nobleness and virtue.

Some further remarks were made relative to the business in hand, and then Loman said:

"Since we have thus come together, I cannot leave you without asking you to partake of my hospitality. My doors are ever open to those who are my friends, either in wealth or in want. Tell me when you will come?"

"At any time, sir; but on one condition: you shall be alone with your family. You shall have no gathering there."

"That is an arrangement which would suit me best, madam."

"Then I will come at any time."

"Let it be to-morrow evening, then, and I will send my carriage."

"I will come in my own, and then my going will not attract attention."

"You do not mean to mingle much in society then?"

"Not at present, for I do not feel like it. My voyage across the Atlantic has made me weak, and then I am not in a mood for much of empty pleasure. But I hope I may find beneath your roof something that may enliven and soothe my spirits."

When John Loman left the hotel he was supremely happy. He forgot for the while those little "notes payable" which presented such a formidable array in his ledger. He was on excellent terms with himself, and with all the world at that moment. But what his peculiar ideas were we shall see by the conversation which followed on his reaching home. He went first to his counting-room, and found that three notes were to be paid that day, amounting in all to seven thousand dollars, and he had just four thousand on hand. He went into the street with a happy, confident face, and in less than ten minutes he had raised ten thousand dollars on the strength of "a rich widow."

He was taking time and circumstance by the forelock.

CHAPTER V.

PLOTTING.

WHEN the merchant reached his house, he found Arabella in the drawing room.

"O, have you seen the countess?" was her first exclamation.

"Where is Rosamond?" asked the father, without seeming to pay any attention to the question.

"She's gone over to that old sick washerwoman's. But have you seen the countess?"

"Yes, I have."

"O—O—and what did she say? How did she look? What did she wear. Did she wear roses or jewels in her hair?"

"She did not wear a flower nor a jewel of any kind. Her dress was of plain black satin without ornament of any kind. Her hands were bare, and her neck and arms covered up. There—I think I've answered you well."

"But you have not told me how she looked."

"She is—is—very fair."

"But they say she is beautiful?"

"So she is."

"And *will* she visit us?"

"She will, if you obey my injunctions."

"O, she will! she will! I'll obey anything—everything. She'll come here first—wont she? But what did she want? Why did she send for you? Why was it?"

"Sit you down here and listen," said the merchant, unable to repress a smile at his daughter's volubility. Arabella sat down, and then her father commenced:

"Now, my child, I have seen the countess, and she is not only a splendid woman, but she is a noble-minded one. I have read her whole character just as though it were written on a scroll. Now if no accident occurs, I know that I can gain her for my wife."

"You don't! O! my sakes! A countess—my mother! *Can* you marry her?"

"If you can for once play your part as you ought. And, my child, I will tell you something now which may be an inducement for you to help me. I must either find a rich wife, or—sink! My finances are low. Business has taken a turn against me. But don't start. With the countess for my wife, I shall have the handling of some millions."

"O, *wont* that be nice?"

"Now are you prepared for calm, sober thought?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then first let me tell you, that the way to the hand of the countess lies through her heart, and that must be won here. You know how widely different from you in nature and disposition Rosamond is. Now you must leave the countess mostly in Rosamond's company."

"But—father—"

"There are no *buts*, my child, about it. I know that Rosamond will win her to our house, and through Rosamond I must work—or rather, we must work. Of course you will see her, and converse with her, but it is my wish that she should be left with Rosamond as much as possible. Do you not understand me?"

"Yes, I think I understand you, but let me tell you that I can be as good and pious as you please."

"Ah, Arabella, you don't know how difficult it would be for you to assume Rosamond's character. It is an easy thing for the wolf to put on the skin of a lamb, but a keen eye would detect the cheat. You must not attempt to assume a false character, for it will not suit you. Better by far remain silent. Promise me that you will do all in your power to appear modest and unassuming, and not speak much only when you are spoken to, and I can assure you that your purse shall be well-filled, and that you shall have a real countess for a step-mother. Now what say you?"

"I promise cheerfully."

"Then the countess will be here to-morrow evening."

Arabella could hardly contain herself at this announcement, but she gradually became calm, and before her father left her, she had been pretty thoroughly trained and drilled in the part she was to act.

"And now what shall you say to Rosamond?" asked Arabella, after she had made a solemn promise for the tenth time.

"Nothing."

"But she must know how you wish her to behave."

"I only wish for her to act herself, without restraint or advice of any kind, for I know there will a strong love spring up between them as once."

Under any other circumstances all this would have been most galling to the elder daughter's feelings, but as matters stood now she bore it with cool philosophy, for she saw that she was to act an important part, and that her sister, even with all her excellence, was only to be used as a sort of decoy.

"Then you wont say anything to Rosa at all?" she added.

"No, not a word of this; for did she suspect, even, the game we are playing, she would fly off in a tangent at once."

During the next day Mr. Loman had Arabella under tutorship several times. To Rosamond he simply announced that the Countess of Errol would visit them in the evening. She was of course pleased with its announcement, and she showed her pleasure in her looks. But it is not to be wondered at that her curiosity should be excited.

"Father," she asked, "why did she send for you?"

"O, yes," cried Arabella, "I entirely forgot that you didn't tell me that. Why was it?"

For a few moments the father was silent. At first he thought of refusing peremptorily to tell them. Then the idea presented itself to tell them that it was a matter of mere private business. But in a moment more an excellent expedient came to his mind, and he seized upon it.

"You remember Adam Wagner?" he said.

"The old India merchant who sent Clara Waltace here, you mean?"

"Yes."

"O, yes, I remember him."

"Well, before the countess left England she made his acquaintance, and she asked him to give her a letter of introduction to some one who would be a friend to her here in case of need, and Wagner gave her a letter to me."

"It was kind of him, wasn't it?" said Arabella.

But Rosamond made no reply.

In due time the countess came, and the two daughters were introduced. Loman watched Arabella with much anxiety, but she behaved herself remarkably well, and she had sense enough to take cue for conversation from the remarks of others.

An hour passed away, during which time the conversation had been mostly in questions and explanations concerning the affairs of the country, the habits of the people, and such other matters as would naturally be interesting to a stranger. At the end of that time, however, the countess asked if either of the young ladies would sing? Rosamond asked Arabella, but the latter preferred that her sister should sing, so without further remark, Rosamond took her seat at the piano.

"I will sing you something which I have recently learned," she said, as she prepared to commence. "I know not how it may please you, but when I first heard it, I thought it the sweetest thing I ever listened to."

Thus speaking, she commenced the same prelude which Henry Wallace once played upon the same instrument, and then she commenced to sing "Our Prayer." Her whole soul was given up to the inspiration of the theme, and she sang it with surpassing sweetness and power. She gave the true wail of the wayworn orphan girl, and then the noble cheer of the little brother; and then, when she came to the prayer which they both offer up to the departed spirit of their sainted mother, she almost outdid herself. Just as she closed a low sob broke upon her ear, and upon turning she found the countess weeping profusely, with her head bowed, and her face covered with her hands. With a quick movement Rosamond glided to the woman's side, and placed her arms about her neck, and then imprinted a warm kiss upon her brow.

"Forgive me," she said. "O, I would not have sung that had I known 'twould move you so."

The arm of the widow was quickly about the fair form of the beautiful girl, and in a moment more their heads were pillowed upon each other's shoulders.

The chord was touched, and Rosamond had won to her love one of the noblest of hearts. The merchant saw it, and a look of hope rested upon his features. Arabella looked on with much surprise, for she wondered how two sensible people could be so moved by such a simple thing.

During the rest of the evening the countess kept Rosamond by her side, and the bright sparkle of her eyes told how fondly she already loved the gentle girl.

At eleven o'clock, Lady Landowne arose to leave.

"Rosamond—for so I must call you—I must see you often," she said, while she held the fair girl by the hand. "I am a stranger here, but I have friends already."

"Ay," spoke the merchant, "you have friends, lady, and I hope you will not forget them. May we not see you here ere long again? I would ask you to make it your home here, if I dared to hope you would accept the offer."

"Not now, not now, sir. But I must visit

you; and I ask only one favor: Let me always find you alone, as I have done this evening!"

"That request I should grant from my own desire."

"Of course I do not mean that I will not see company, sir; but for the present I do not feel like it, for when I do go into society I must be prepared to stand up against curiosity and impertinent quizzing, and I am hardly prepared for that yet. You understand me, I trust?"

"Perfectly, madam; and I appreciate your motives, too."

After this the merchant handed the countess into her carriage, and remained standing upon the step until the equipage had disappeared.

"Well, Rosamond," he said to his child, when he returned to the drawing-room, "what do you think of the countess?"

"O, I love her."

"What a splendid woman!" cried Arabella. "What hair and eyes! And did you notice her boots? Did you ever see anything like them before, Rosa?"

"I didn't notice them," was Rosamond's answer.

"Didn't notice them! Why, where were your eyes?"

"I suppose I found enough in her face and conversation to engage my attention."

"I'm sorry, for I wanted your opinion of those boots. O, they were perfect beauties. And then what feet—perfect little loves of feet. Did you notice?"

"No, I did not; but when she comes again, I will look at them for your sake."

It was now near midnight, and as Arabella had been up all night for several nights in succession, she retired soon after the visitor had gone. Rosamond was about to follow her example when her father called her back.

"My child," he said, "I wish to speak with you a moment."

The fair girl came back and took a seat, and then her father continued:

"Rosamond, you must be aware that I am very lonesome at times, and that the place which was once filled by a loving, faithful wife is now dark and desolate. Do you wonder that I should want a companion?"

Rosamond hesitated for awhile, for she had had much uneasiness on this very point. She knew several women who had shown palpable desires to wed with her father, and she knew that not one of them could ever gain her respect. At length she answered:

"That you should want a companion, my father, is not strange, but will you find one who can be to you what my mother was?"

"I think I can, my child. Suppose Matilda Landowne would become my wife?"

The beautiful girl looked up in astonishment. But soon an expression more of anxiety took its place, and when she spoke her words were very low and soft.

"I am sure I should love her dearly, for I know she is a good woman."

"I love her," resumed the merchant, "and I have reason to think that she may love me in return. I trust you will bear this in mind; and if you would see your father once more happy and contented, remember that Lady Landowne must be his wife. Yet I would not wed with her unless I can secure her love. You can think of this."

When John Loman was left alone he commenced to pace the floor of his apartment with long, moderate steps. His face was not in the mould of one who deeply loves. There was more of deep scheming and doubt there than of love. His tall, spare frame was slightly bent beneath the weight of the thought that was upon him, and his black eyes were fixed upon vacancy with an earnest gaze.

"Where's the difference?" he uttered to himself. "I shall love her as well as most people love, and I know that she will save me from utter ruin. How shall a man live if he does not sometimes work around a difficulty? In such society as I find myself, duplicity and plotting are fashionable; and fashion is surely social law. I must have her, and—I will. And her money, too, for I need that more than I do the wife. But then I shall give her a good home, and she may be happy. Why shouldn't she be? She will never know all I have done."

This soliloquy was spoken at intervals, and in a hesitating manner, for John Loman was plotting a wicked scheme.

Rosamond went to her bed, but it was a long while before she went to sleep. Her mind was filled with various conflicting emotions. At first she hoped that her father might marry with the countess. Then she remembered how her own mother had suffered from harshness and neglect, and she hoped that such a noble woman as she believed Lady Landowne to be, might never have reason to complain of misery caused by her father. She knew well her parent's disposition. She knew how affable and agreeable, and even how good he could appear, when he chose; but she knew, too, how stern, and morose, and cruel he could be when at home. But she finally prayed that all might be well, and with this prayer on her lips she slept.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROPOSAL.

Some weeks passed by, and the countess visited often at the dwelling of John Loman. It was easy to see that Rosamond was the attractive object, though the merchant had managed so well that Lady Landowne smiled upon him, and even seemed happy in his presence. He was a man who had seen much of the world, and he knew how to hide those traits which had better be hidden, and how to assume those which would be most likely to further his plans. Thus he had ever presented to the countess a disposition kind and affectionate, and a soul pure and ennobled. He conversed with her on philanthropic subjects, quoting as his own opinions those which he had read in printed reports, and always exhibiting much feeling for the unfortunate and erring. Nature had made him good-looking, with a proud, lofty bearing, and had nature also given him the characteristics which he now assumed, he would have been just such a man as a noble, pure-minded woman could have loved and honored.

Rosamond noticed this change in her father—for he knew that to insure a successful termination he must deceive her, too—and she was not so much surprised as she was gratified, for she hoped, at least, that the love for Lady Landowne had made him thus. Her perceptions were quick, and she felt sure that the countess loved her father. She could read it in her looks, and hear it in her words; and now she hoped that the marriage might be consummated, for between the lady and herself there had grown up a love so strong and powerful that the whole soul was enwrapped. Their natures were alike, and their sympathies, their tastes, and their hopes were congenial. Often when Rosamond was left alone at home, would she call a carriage and ride to the hotel and spend the evening, but not yet had the countess spent an evening alone with the girl beneath her own roof, for somehow or other the merchant had always contrived to prevent it.

At the end of four weeks, Mr. Loman was sure that Matilda Landowne loved him. One day when the sun shone brightly, and when the flowers had begun to blossom in the hedges and in the gardens, the merchant asked Lady Landowne to ride with him out into the country and view the scenery. She accepted the proposal readily, though she was much disappointed when she found that Rosamond was not going. They rode to one of the beautiful suburban resorts to take dinner, and after the meal was finished they walked out into one of the wild gardens. In an arbor of grape-vines and honey-suckle the merchant sat down, and drew the countess to his side. There was a dead silence for some moments, broken only by the rustling of the leaves and the singing of the birds. The countess trembled, for she seemed to suspect her companion's meaning. At length Mr. Loman spoke:

"Lady," he said, taking one of her hands and gazing tenderly into her face, "you must ere this have seen the emotions which your presence has called up in my soul. When I first saw you, I was a lonely, mourning man, and my heart was drear and desolate. Many a woman in our city had tried to gain the place which my sainted wife had left vacant, but my heart refused them all. I saw you, and I loved. I have seen you often, and I now know that you are worthy the love of the most noble. I have probed my feelings deeply and carefully, and I know that you are necessary to my happiness. Can you love me well enough to be my wife?"

The lady bowed her head, and for awhile the color left her cheeks. She did not withdraw the hand which her companion held, nor did she shrink from him.

"Your mind must ere this have dwelt upon the subject," resumed Mr. Loman, "and I hope you have thought sufficiently to give me an answer. I would have you speak from the promptings of your heart, for such love as mine could not live in neglect. I would not have you answer, yes, unless you can love me."

"I have loved you, sir," said the lady, lowly and tremulously.

"Bless thee, lady, for that. Then you will be mine?"

At length the countess seemed to have regained her wonted composure, and looking up into her companion's face, she replied:

"I cannot deny, sir, that I have thought of this matter, and I will also tell you freely that my mind was partly made up even before you confessed your love, and now I will tell you all. You know the business you have promised to do for me?"

"Yes, and I have already set measures on foot for its accomplishment."

"Let that be done before I give you my answer. I hope you will see the propriety of this."

"But, lady, suppose it were never done? O, do not keep me in such suspense as that."

The countess bowed her head and remained for some time in deep thought. She believed the man by her side to be a noble, pure-minded person, and as such she had already begun to love him. And then she remembered Rosamond, and she knew she should be happy in the companionship of that sweet girl.

"Mr. Loman," she said at length, "let this subject rest for six months, and at the end of that time you shall have my answer. If your mission in my behalf is accomplished before that time, my answer shall not be so long delayed; but I will not ask you to wait longer, even should you fail in working out my hopes."

The merchant plead long and earnestly against any such delay, but the lady was firm.

"But," said he, after he found that he could not move her from her purpose, "how much hope may I entertain of possessing you even at that time?"

"You should not fear much on that score," she replied, "for had I any doubts now I should not answer you so. Did I hold even one palpable doubt, I should refuse your offer at once—at least for the present."

When John Loman rode back to the city he felt happy, and yet he felt disappointed. He felt sure that the countess would be his wife, and at the end of six months he should have the handling of money enough to raise him forever above want and care. But he needed some of that money now, and he had founded many hopes upon its immediate possession. However, he believed that he could weather the gale until autumn. He could find some friend to whom he might intrust his secret, and thus obtain a loan on the strength of the fortune of the countess.

It was already dusk when the merchant reached the city, and at his companion's request he conveyed her at once to her hotel. After this he returned to his own dwelling, where he found Rosamond and Clara sitting together in the drawing-room, Arabella having gone out. A dark cloud rested upon his brow as he saw the orphan girl sitting there, and in a peremptory tone he bade her leave the room.

"Rosamond," he said, "why was that girl in here?"

"She came, at my own request, to keep me company," replied the noble girl, showing by her look and tone that she was pained by the manner in which her father had spoken.

"And can you not find better company than that of your waiting-maid?" the merchant asked, sternly.

"Not that I know of, sir. Clara Wallace is a noble, virtuous, intelligent girl, and I have derived more profit and pleasure from her companionship than could have been found among the very best of ten thousand such girls as fill our saloons and drawing-rooms night after night in empty amusement. I love her, sir, and she is worthy of it."

The parent gazed upon his child some time in silence, and during the while there was some anger upon his face, but more of doubt and perplexity. At length he said, while an expression of iron sternness settled upon his countenance:

"I trust you will not let me see this again."

"My father," instantly returned the maiden, speaking only as her heart dictated, "I trust that you will not forbid my sitting with Clara when I wish it. Do not let anything come into our home now to mar our peace and harmony."

"Ha, what means that? Do you threaten me?"

"Not at all. I only speak what I feel to be necessary. Where will be my joy and peace if you take from me one of the purest sources of joy which I have possessed for the past year? By Clara's assistance, I have improved in music and in understanding, and I cannot now give up her companionship."

"But is not the countess companionship enough?"

"She is when she is here."

"And what would she think were she to find you in such company, my child?" asked the parent, growing more calm.

"If you think she would see anything out of the way in it, father, you do not yet know her," replied Rosamond, promptly.

"I should not wish for you to try the experiment, at any rate, and let me assure you that if I ever know of Lady Landowne's finding you with your maid, I will send her—Clara Wallace—out of my house at once. Remember this."

"But you do not forbid me from associating as I have done?"

Mr. Loman did not reply at once. He feared to make Rosamond unhappy now. Under other circumstances he would have set down his will without regard to anything but his own harsh purpose, but now he dared not. He knew if he offended Rosamond deeply she would show it for a long while; and the countess would surely notice it, and in all probability find out its cause. And that he had no desire to have done; so he answered his child quite calmly:

"I care not what you do when alone, but the countess must not see it, nor must any others of my visiting friends. Will you promise me this?"

"Yes, sir—readily."

"Then let it pass. Where has Arabella gone?"

"To Mrs. Delacour's."

"Why, this is the night of her party, and I had forgotten it. The countess and I were both to have been there. Why did you not go?"

"Because I did not feel like it. You know I never go to such places when I can help it."

"Very well. I will off and see Lady Landowne, and if she will not go, I'll go alone. Did Arabella take the carriage?"

"She did."

"Then I'll call another."

Thus speaking, Mr. Loman left the apartment, and Rosamond was alone.

CHAPTER VII.

A REASONABLE SUPPOSITION RESULTS IN AN ADVERTISEMENT.

For nearly half an hour Rosamond remained in the drawing-room where her father had left her, and she had something new to think of. She saw now that her parent was not much changed for the better, though she hoped that this might be only an ebullition from some momentary impulse. For herself she cared not so much as for another. The fear came to her that Lady Landowne was being deceived, and for the first time the thought presented itself that she had had some influence in binding that lady to her father. She felt sure that the marriage would take place, and she imagined that the contract was already made to that effect. Now would this have been done had it not been for herself? Had not she been the means of bringing the countess so often to the house? But as she pondered more calmly upon it she felt that no blame could attach to her, though she could have wished that her father would appear to the lady in his true character.

At length she arose and went out into the little sitting-room where her maid usually sat, and there she found Clara and her brother. Henry Wallace arose as the fair young hostess entered, but before he could speak she smilingly approached him, and offered him her hand.

"This is a pleasure I had not anticipated," she said, as she took a seat. "I am left alone by the rest of the folks."

Is it a wonder that the youth's heart should beat more quickly, or that the rich blood should mount to his face? That beaming smile went to his heart at once, and was treasured there with the face that bore it. Clara soon forgot the harshness of the father in the kindness of the daughter, and ere long the conversation became free and interesting. Henry was perfectly free now, and it was not long before Clara's quick eye discovered that Rosamond was more than usually interested in everything he said. She saw her young mistress's eyes sparkle with an unwonted lustre as she gazed upon Henry, and she saw, too, how her face glowed when she would meet the youth's full look.

A strange truth flashed across Clara's mind. She gazed awhile longer upon the couple before her—she allowed them to monopolize the conversation for a time, and she felt sure that Rosamond loved her brother. Had the noblest monarch of earth at that moment confessed his love to her, she could not have been more proud than she was to know that her noble brother was beloved by one who was so well worthy of him. She knew that she was not mistaken. She watched them until she could fairly see the rich, warm lovelight dancing in their eyes, and then she rejoined them in conversation.

By-and-by Rosamond took a magazine from the table. The conversation had turned upon paintings, and she remembered to have seen a copy of one of Raphael's pieces in one of the magazines. She looked over four magazines before she found it, but she came to it at length, and then went and sat down by Henry's side. They viewed the picture together, and again Clara watched them. She saw her brother's tremulous joy, and Rosamond's eager wistfulness. She noticed how deep was the latter's eyes when the youth spoke, and how she trembled when her head once touched Henry's shoulder.

If that was not mutual love, then there never was such.

Thus had the time passed away for an hour and a half, when the door-bell was rung. One of the servants answered the summons, and while Rosamond was waiting to learn what could be the occasion of the ring, the door of the little room was opened. The young hostess turned expecting to see the face of a servant, but instead thereof she saw the sweet face of Lady Landowne.

"Ah, excuse me, Rosamond," spoke the countess. "I did not know that you had company, or I should not have been so forward. I asked the servant to tell me where you were, and I would not disturb you. But as it is, if—"

"No excuses, lady, I beseech of you," interrupted Rosamond. And as she spoke she moved out a chair.

Clara arose to leave, and at the same time motioned for her brother to follow her example; but he did not heed her. He had become too deeply absorbed in the face of the new-comer. He started when he first beheld those fair features, and in spite of all rules to the contrary, he gazed fixedly upon her for several moments.

"Lady Landowne—"

"*Mrs.* Landowne, if you please, Rosamond, said the countess, with a smile. "Don't make a curiosity—a *rara avis*—of me. Forget I implore you, that I was ever anything more than plain mistress."

"Then *Mrs.* Landowne," said Rosamond, gleefully, "let me introduce two worthy friends of mine. Mr. and Miss Wallace—poor in gold, but rich in all that makes real worth."

"A luxury I would oftener enjoy," returned the lady, earnestly, at the same time extending her hand to Henry. Then she greeted Clara, and then resumed her seat.

"Did my father call upon you this evening?" asked Rosamond.

"Yes, he came, and wished me to accompany him to Mrs. Delacour's, I believe. But I did not feel like going, and he went alone. Somehow I felt lonesome, and at length the dark cloud came over me so completely, that I was forced to break away from it, so I called a carriage, and here I am. And here, with you, I knew I should find joy."

At this moment the eyes of the countess rested upon the face of Henry Wallace. He was gazing fixedly upon her, and she started with a quick, energetic movement. The color faded for a moment from her cheeks, and soon the blood rushed back freely.

"Mr. Wallace," she said, in a forced tone, "have we not met before?"

It was some moments before the youth could speak, but he soon regained his composure, and then he answered:

"I do not know that we have."

"But you gazed upon me as though you knew me?"

"I may have thought your countenance familiar, but I think we have never met before."

The countess seemed satisfied with this for awhile, but yet she kept her eyes fixed upon the youth, and her face showed that she was troubled.

Henry had found the original of the miniature in the seal! He was sure of it—he knew it. The lineaments within that tiny locket were all fixed upon his mind, and in the face before him he saw them all. No wonder he felt puzzled and nervous. The circumstances under which the seal came into his possession were strange, but this part of the business was more strange yet. Why should the murderer have had that seal, with the miniature of the countess in it?

But Lady Landowne's gaze was not confined to Henry. Soon she transferred it to Clara, and again the color left her cheeks. Rosamond noticed it, and she was not a little puzzled.

"What is it all?" she asked, looking first upon one and then upon the other of the party.

"Really," returned the countess, in a tremulous tone, "I cannot explain it." Then turning to Clara, she said:

"Have I not met you before?"

"Not that I know of," the young girl replied, showing in her own countenance signs of deep emotion.

"And yet you seem to recognize me?" the lady added.

Clara made no reply, but a bright teardrop glistened in her eye as she gazed upon the woman, and her bosom heaved with an emotion she could not repress.

At this moment the door-bell was rung again, and shortly afterwards the voice of Mr. Loman was heard in the hall.

"Lady Landowne," said Rosamond, with a sudden start, "we must join my father. Clara—Mr. Wallace—you will excuse us."

"But why so sudden?" asked the countess.

"I will tell you at some time," answered Rosamond, nervously.

The lady cast a quick glance into the handsome face of Henry, and she thought she had discovered the secret, so without further remonstrance she bade the brother and sister good-evening, hoping she should see them again, and then followed Rosamond from the place.

"You will not mention anything of this to my father?" whispered the fair girl, as they reached the entry-way.

The moment these words had passed her lips, Rosamond would have given worlds could she have recalled them. She saw by her companion's look that she was surprised.

"I understand you," returned Mrs. Landowne, with a meaning look.

"No, no," quickly cried Rosamond; "you do not understand me. I ought not to have spoken so. It is nothing between my father and myself that I fear. I would not do a thing that he might not know."

"Then what is it?" asked the lady, stopping and placing her hand upon her companion's arm. "What is it?" she repeated, earnestly. "I have a right to know."

"I feared my father would not like it," replied Rosamond, with some hesitation.

"The presence of the youth, you mean?"

"No, my being found—"

"Do you doubt me?"

The countess asked this last question with so much feeling, and then she gave such a look of deep, imploring supplication, that Rosamond could not resist the appeal.

"I will trust you," she said, in a low but frank tone. "My father forbade me from ever allowing any of our visitors to find me in company with my maid."

"And he spoke of me in particular, eh?"

"I have told you enough."

"So you have, and I thank you. Your father does not know me."

After this they kept on to the drawing-room, and here they found Mr. Loman and Arabella.

"Why, truant," laughingly uttered the merchant, as he saw the countess. "You escaped me fairly."

"You must excuse me," returned the lady; "but after you were gone, I felt so lonesome that I had to come here and see Rosa. Is it not near eleven?"

"Just eleven."

"Ah, yes—and here is my carriage."

Mr. Loman would have urged Lady Landowne to remain longer, but she was anxious to return, and he waited upon her to her carriage.

When Henry and Clara were left alone they conversed some time upon the subject of the countess.

"It is very strange," said Henry; "very strange; and the more I think of it, the more I am puzzled. Have you any idea of the object of her visit to this country?"

"Only that she has some kind of business here," returned Clara. "Rosamond told me all she knew about it, and I heard a few days days ago something from the lips of Mr. Loman himself; but he does not know that I heard it, as he meant it only for the ear of a strange man who was conversing with him. She has come over here on some most important business, and Mr. Wagner recommended her to Loman."

"Do you mean *our* Mr. Wagner?"

"Yes. She became acquainted with him in London, and he sent her to Mr. Loman."

"But this business, Clara,—do you know what it is?"

"Only that it is about finding somebody whom she wishes to get back with her. I heard the words '*reckless*' and '*dissipated*,' and I think they had allusion to this subject."

Henry started, and after gazing his sister a few moments in the face, he bowed his head upon his hands. At length he looked up, and while a strange light danced in his eyes, he said:

"Clara, perhaps I have a key to this. Here, look at this."

As he spoke, he drew a small paper parcel from his breast pocket, and having undone it, he took out the seal, and opened the cornelian, and then handed it to his sister. The moment she cast her eyes upon the miniature, she said:

"Why—this is she! It is the countess!"

"Certainly it is."

"But how did you get it?"

"You must keep it to yourself."

"Certainly—if you wish it."

"I do wish it, as you shall hear."

And thereupon Henry went on and told his sister all the circumstances attending his finding the locket and seal. Clara was all astonishment when the story was told.

"And now," said her brother, "I think I have a part of her secret. This man, from whom I took the seal, I know wore a mask, and was surely a white man. He was tall and straight, and was dressed fashionably. He had been to a gaming saloon, and lost all his money, and probably the man whom he murdered—who was known to be a noted gambler—was the one who had won it. Now it appears to me that this assassin is some relation of her's—perhaps a brother—it may be a son."

"But she is too young to have so old a son," suggested Clara.

"O, no. She may be forty, and you know they marry very young among the nobility in England."

"She is forty. Rosamond told me so."

"Then this may be her son. It must be," uttered Henry, with much confidence; "for do you not see that the seal bears the escutcheon of the earldom! And surely none but the son or heir would wear that for a signet. Let me assure you that this is big son, and that some mad, wild freak made it necessary for him to leave his country, and also that she has now come over to reclaim him."

"It does seem probable certainly," Clara, responded.

"Of course it does."

"And what will you do with the seal?"

"I hardly know. I do not wish to show it to the countess, for then I would have to tell her how I came by it, and I would not so hurt her feeling for anything; for she is a sweet woman; a noble woman."

"So she is, Henry. Rosamond says she is just as good as she looks—all goodness, kindness and love."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Religion.—As mankind only learnt the science of navigation in proportion as they acquired the knowledge of the stars—so, in order to steer our course wisely through the seas of life, we must fix our hearts upon the more sublime and distant objects of heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SUMMER JOYS.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

On a cloudless noon, in the month of June,
How pleasant it is to win
The cool, thick shade, by the tall oak made,
In front of the village inn.
And O, what bliss to receive a kiss
From the lips of her you love!
Whose eyes so bright can rival the light
Of the silvery lamps above.

A moment more, from that shady door,
You merrily ride away;
But I safely bet that you forget
The words that you meant to say.
But many a noon, of many a June,
Must pass with many a year,
Ere the maiden's heart will ever part
With the love she holds so dear.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

The watch fire burned low, and the sleeping soldiers lay stretched along the ground in the rude disorder in which they had thrown themselves from the fatiguing march of the day. A sentinel nodded over his rifle, just able to preserve the equilibrium of his position. All was profound silence, save where two officers, laid at length, maintained an undertoned conversation. One of them spoke with suppressed animation. The other, rapidly giving way to the somnolent influence, yet strove to give attention to the words of his companion, whose observations he answered rather tersely, and occasionally at random.

"As I said before," continued the speaker first mentioned, "we must, in some way or other, put the country in greater security against these ravages; and in order to accomplish this, we must possess the sinews of war. We need to increase our force to three times its present size. And how to procure the additional number, is the question. We have a few score of brave men who are willing to fight for freedom without money, and too often, I might add, without food or clothing. But we can't raise a regiment on such terms as these. As for Congress, alas, we must not look in that direction for the furnishing of means. It has enough on its hands, without our heaping on it fresh burdens. The fact is, Rollins, that we must lay a good round tax on these tories. They and their properties must furnish us the needful; and I think they ought to regard reprisals of such a nature, as the very least which they could expect at our hands."

"Yes," replied the other, with a yawn, "perfectly right, general. Hang 'em up. Down with 'em, wherever we find 'em."

"No, Rollins," replied his superior, while a flash shot across his swarthy features, "I do not mean that. I will not retaliate undeservedly. I will not visit the sins of a few soulless villains, who plunder and kill without mercy, on those who, with honest but mistaken loyalty, have taken up on the side of the crown. Yet even these shall suffer, in some degree, the consequence of our necessity."

"Yes, general;" was the reiterated reply. "The rascals! Shoot 'em all."

The *diminuendo* fashion, in which this speech was uttered, caused the chief to turn his head; whereupon he discovered his companion to have fallen fast asleep.

"Poor fellow," he exclaimed, drawing his cloak more closely around, "he has fairly succumbed at last. I will even follow his example. But hark! what noise is this?"

His quick ear had scarce caught the sound of approaching hoofs, when the drowsy sentinel discharged his piece with sudden alarm, the cause of which was quickly made manifest in the approach of a young female, mounted on a horse, whose steaming sides and panting breath betokened the speed to which he had been urged.

"Is this the fashion, general, in which your soldiers are wont to salute defenceless women?" indignantly inquired the fair rider, whose disordered dress, and tresses flowing, gave a singular spirit to her pale face and flashing eyes.

Marion bowed low, as he assisted the young maiden in alighting. The gallant soldier was, like many others of his profession, equally ready in defence and admiration of the better portion of creation.

"Madam," he said, with an air of the deepest respect, "you will, I dare think, excuse the rude welcome which you have just encountered, when I tell you that for the last forty-eight hours we have been on the march, almost without a pause. To-night we are completely worn out; and the few sentries which caution compels me to station, are anything but fit for duty. I have no doubt that the muddled sense of the poor fellow who greeted you so roughly, saw in your unwarlike self a whole company of cavalry sweeping down upon us. And now, lady, I will ask the errand on which you come? for these pallid cheeks, and the condition of your steed, show that some pressing cause has urged this perilous ride."

"Even so, general," replied the girl, while the big tears sprang slowly from their source, and she seemed to struggle a moment for breath. But she went on, with a manner which evinced her natural energy of character. "Yesterday, while at supper, my father, my uncle, and my eldest brother were surprised and taken prisoners by the enemy. Most of the party, I fancy, were refugees. I overheard the captors say, in the confusion which ensued, that their victims might consider their lives already forfeited; for they were about taking them to Preston, where they would surely be executed as traitors to the king."

"The old story," said Marion, half to himself. "Driven, by the peril of death, to a tacit allegiance, and then brought to execution, for endeavoring to escape from their bondage."

"I come to you, sir," continued the girl, whose dark eyes were fixed with vivid intentness on Marion's face; "I come to you, because you are known as the defender of the oppressed, one who never failed, when there was an earthly possibility of succor to the suffering. You are the help on which I now rely. It is not yet too late."

"Madam," answered Marion, gravely and sadly, "I never failed yet in attempting to do my duty. But there are times, when our duty and the desire of the moment must be at variance. It is so now. I am under engagement to meet Sumpter, at Otter Creek, with every man under my command, by to-morrow, at the farthest. My failing so to do would endanger many lives, which, I may say without disrespect, are as valuable to their families and their country as those of your own kindred. Grieved am I to say this, yet there is no alternative. Your enemies must have arrived at Preston long before we could reach them. And to attack them then would be madness, with anything short of the whole party I now have with me."

The girl made no reply, but, while a slight shudder ran through her form, drooped her head in silence. Sergeant Dougal, a fine, manly fellow, who had witnessed the whole passage, sprang up, exclaiming:

"General, I can't stand this. Where there is a will, there is a way. Where is Sergeant Jasper?" he added, glancing hastily round.

"Here!" answered Jasper, arousing from his recumbent position.

"I propose," continued Dougal, "that Jasper and myself undertake a scout on behalf of these prisoners. Who knows but fortune may cast us up some opportunity to aid them? Jasper and myself have seen such passages before now. You know us too well, general, to fancy that we wish to leave you when service is about to be done. But any man in your company is as worthy to fill the place of honor as ourselves; and to come to the point, general, I can never bear to see a woman in distress entreating for assistance, and that assistance denied her."

"Especially when the woman is so very pretty an one," murmured Jasper, *sotto voce*.

Marion stood irresolute. It was but a second.

"What is your name, my girl?" he abruptly inquired.

"Caroline Hendee."

"And your father's?"

"Major John Hendee."

"What! my father's old friend? If it be him, it shall never be said that Francis Marion refused him, in time of need, the services of two of his soldiers, even were those two his best. Dougal and Jasper, if you can imagine any opening for yourselves in this matter, you are at liberty. I can see none myself, but your ingenuity—"

"Say no more, general," interrupted Jasper. "We are ready, or at least will be in two hours from now. I am an older soldier than either Dougal or Miss Hendee, and know that every minute we take before that time will be doubly lost in the end. We shall find them at Preston. When we get there, we will see what can be done. Meantime, let us rest."

The brief, assured manner of the stanneh soldier infused a sudden quiet even in the troubled heart of Miss Hendee. Her horse was picketed, a little bower of leafy limbs was quickly formed, and here he rested, not in slumber, but in resigned wakefulness, till the hour of departure.

A clock could scarcely have told that period more truly than Sergeant Jasper. Ere the hour had fallen, he was ready for action, with Dougal at his side; the latter more eager, indeed, but nevertheless exhibiting a modest deference to his elder and more experienced associate.

"Take the best of our half dozen horses, my lads," said Marion, awakening, "and Heaven speed you. Farewell, Miss Hendee."

"Farewell, general," she replied, in a low voice, and the three were quickly on their way. They went rapidly on till sometime after daylight, interchanging but few words. At last, they reached the road leading from Carlton Court House to Preston, in which latter direction the Hendees were supposed to have been taken. Dougal now suggested that they should trace the road back in the direction of Carlton, till they should arrive at a by-track which led in the direction of Miss Hendee's residence, and which, as she informed them, was little more than half a mile distant.

"My father was a blacksmith," said Dougal, "and I have picked up an inkling of the trade myself; it has often stood me in stead. If, as you suspect, Jasper, certain of that party belong in Preston, I think we may discover a pretty sure indication of the direction which they have taken. There is an old fellow by the name of Peters there in Preston, noted as a horse-shoer. I've heard my father praise him to the skies. Peters always had a peculiar nick on the corner of his shoes, and the curve was certainly a little different from that of most smiths. I believe I could detect his shoes in tolerably soft ground; and if we can get hold of such a mark, we shall be a little safer of the villains."

They entered the by-road, and Dougal dismounted, after a careful examination, he turned to his companions, and said:

"I have found several marks, on the edge of the turf here along, which I am sure must have been made by Peters's shoes. One or more of the horses have been shod in this way. But they all point *from* the highway, and none *to* it. If it were so with all the others, I should know that the fellows threw out a hint for the purpose of misleading. But we must trace them still farther back."

"The blacksmith leads," replied Jasper, briefly.

The three now proceeded carefully and slowly forward, every now and then stopping to examine the road with a minute regard. Miss Hendee's countenance began to show most plainly the effects of the contest between deep despondency and an ill-sustained hope. Jasper was calm and wary; Dougal's face keen and ardent in its bearing, his eyes flashing and piercing, like a sword, into every indication which lay before him. Thus they proceeded, till they reached a narrow lane which diverged from the by-road, near a mile from where they had left the highway. Dougal scanned it closely; then, passing on, let fall his glance on the ground.

"Back!" he cried, with instant decision. "They must have taken to the lane."

They turned about; and Jasper and Dougal, dismounting, entered the lane. They prosecuted their search for twenty or thirty rods with some uncertainty, when all at once Dougal shouted:

"I have found it! Ah, the artful villains. They must have led their horses in file for this distance."

Jasper's face lighted up. "They have gone down to Ebenezer," he said. "I am as confident of it as of my own existence. And I am pretty confident, too, that that crafty Tim Hughes, of Preston, is of the company. I thought I could recognize him in Miss Hendee's description of one of them."

They mounted again, and Dougal, turning to his fair companion, said:

"We part then. Believe that we will do whatever is in our power. In the meantime, assist us with your prayers at home."

"Home!" she repeated, with a mournful emphasis. "It will not be home when *they* are gone. But farewell; I will hope for the best," she added, in a livelier tone.

She extended her hand to each, and slowly turned her horse's head. Dougal watched her as if in a trance.

"Dougal," exclaimed Jasper, "have you lost your senses? Come, this is no time for delay."

Dougal colored to the brow, and touching his rein, sped forward. Hours afterward, they halted in a little valley by the side of a running brook.

"It is time to alter the plan of operations," said Jasper. "We are now little more than four miles from Ebenezer. The change of dress, which we made at the outset, has answered sufficiently, so far; but henceforth, we must look more sharply to our disguise. We will turn our horses adrift in yonder field, and carry the accoutrements to the barn, whose top you see just above the ridge of ground. Further over, in the hollow, stands the house of an old farmer, with whom I would trust my life. We will go there, and prepare ourselves in good rustic manner; at the same time we will leave a word for our poor beasts, who have done their part, certainly. We must leave our true rifles behind, also, ill though I like it."

In little more than half an hour, the pair reissued at a more advanced point of the road, which brought them a distant view of the fort at Ebenezer. And, certainly, not even his nearest friend, meeting Jasper, without foreknowledge, would have recognized him in his present bearing, or have taken him for other than what he simulated, an uncouth, shallow-pated rustic. Dougal, also, had so far profited by the instructions of his astute companion, as to play a like part with sufficient accuracy and such variations as the case appeared to demand.

"It is all the better for it," said Jasper, "that they have taken their prisoners to Ebenezer, seeing that I have a brother in the fort, who, I am sorry to say it, has chosen to take up with the British. Yet he is a good fellow, after all, notwithstanding his heart is 'listed on the wrong side."

They trudged on to the fort, which they entered, without exciting remark or suspicion. Jasper and his friend rambled about the shops and barracks; the former making, with an air of stolid curiosity, such disconnected inquiries as would answer his purpose without drawing notice. Having separated from Dougal, with the agreement that the latter should meet him in the yard of a tavern at a given time, Jasper entered the barrack enclosure, and asked for Sergeant William Jasper. "If he isn't busy," he added, "his cousin, Tom Lunk, wants to see him."

This appellation was a boyish nickname, familiar in the early days of the two brothers, and now unknown, except to themselves. In two or three minutes, William appeared. He cast a troubled look at his brother, while extending his hand, he said:

"How do you do, Tom? Come in; I'm off duty for a while."

As soon as they had withdrawn aside, William inquired, "What in heaven's name, Thomas, brings you here? What need of such a fearful risk of your life?"

"Why," replied his brother, "I thought it no great harm to come and see you, Will, knowing that nobody here would recognize me. And perhaps it may please you to hear that I have quitted the service. I have had about enough of fighting and exposure and starvation. I'm not sure but I made some mistake in taking up arms with the whigs."

"I am glad to hear you," said the other, with pleased surprise. "The rebels must all be conquered, sooner or later, and it is well that you have come to your senses, Tom. Come and join us. I can assure you of your former grade, and not a man in the British army would be more certain of promotion than the famous Sergeant Tom Jasper."

"No, no, Bill. If I give up fighting *for* my country, that is no reason why I should fight *against* it. I should get a sort of fame in that way that I should not covet."

"I must be content, if you will have it so," replied the other, with a disappointed look. "The half is better than none. Our brotherly regard need not be marred by the matter. *That* has never changed, and I hope it never will."

About an hour afterward, Jasper met Dougal at the appointed place.

"So far we have prospered," said the first. "The Hendees are here, as I was well assured beforehand. They are to leave under guard for Savannah to-morrow morning. 'While there's life, there's hope;' and we must follow them, in hopes of something turning up."

"But how have you been able to get the intelligence?" inquired Dougal.

"O, by just putting my ingenuity at work, in various ways. In the first place, I had to play a little deception on good brother Will. Not much, neither. I told him I had thought of *quitting* the whigs. So I *had* thought. But I guess I've concluded not to do it," he added, with a slight chuckle. "However, you may depend on the information. To-morrow, at seven, I will fall in with you just outside of the village, on the Savannah road. To-night, you must needs remain here. I am to return to my brother."

Dougal passed a restless night, agitated by the apparent hopelessness of their enterprise, and reflecting, not on the danger which threatened themselves, but on the fate which awaited the Hendees, in case of the probable failure of rescue. And in the circumstances of the times, there was little doubt that the gibbet would be the portion of one or all of them. It were no disparagement, however, to say that Dougal's thoughts were more absorbed by the distress of the daughter, than by the future sufferings of her kindred. If he felt asleep, it was only to dream of her, as imploring him, with agonizing entreaty, to prevent the catastrophe which he saw no means of averting. In this frame of mind, the approach of day was eagerly welcomed; and having risen and partaken of a light repast, the prospect of action restored his wonted composure.

When he joined Jasper, at the outskirts of the village, his heart expanded with the sense of freedom. His eyes glowed with animation as he turned them on his companion.

"Now then!" he said, in a tone of inquiry.

"I claim the command," answered Jasper, with a smile. "I have the advantage of a better acquaintance with the country, not to speak of a little seniority in age. We have the start of them for some time. Let us first, by way of precaution, take a different road from the one which they will pursue. We can, by-and-by, fetch a sweep around and return to this road."

Dougal consented. A *detour* of no great length soon brought them back on the Savannah highway, and out of sight of the fort at Ebenezer. The region was in one respect favorable to the adventurers, for the road was frequently bordered by woodlands, whose shelter would preserve them from discovery. Jasper and Dougal, having established themselves in concealment, lay in wait till they began to imagine that some unexpected incident must have prevented the departure of the guard and their prisoners. Their patience, nevertheless, was rewarded; for those whom they sought at last hove in sight, proceeding down the road in orderly array. The guard consisted of ten men, including two subordinate officers. The prisoners marched in the midst, and their gloomy countenances told the nature of their anticipations. Jasper closely scrutinized the carriage of the soldiers, as they passed, and he was forced to acknowledge that their alert and disciplined bearing presented little encouragement for himself and companion.

"I foresee," he said, "that it will be a long hunt, and mayhap no prize got at the end."

The pair presently arose, and, keeping the highway at a safe distance, followed on, mile after mile, mile after mile, dogging the steps of their enemies with watchful pertinacity. No sign of hopeful carelessness appeared in the conduct of the royalists. The same steady discipline was preserved, the same compact array, whether halting or in march. Still Jasper and Dougal kept on. The noon was near at hand. The Savannah river was crossed. The scouts toiled up a long hill, weary and faint with fatigue, and with the constant watch, on every side, which necessity enjoined upon them. They gained the top of the ascent, and there, below them, in full view and close at hand, rose the city of Savannah, the head quarters of the British command. Jasper paused at the sight, and folding his arms, looked his companion in the face. That glance expressed all. Dougal gnashed his teeth in despair.

"Is there no hope," he exclaimed, "of getting at those cursed tories? Must we return, then, without a single blow?"

Jasper bent his head for a moment in silence, and then, turning back, motioned Dougal to follow.

"Go, coward!" said the latter, in a low, hissing voice.

Jasper's eyes flashed fire, and his hand instinctively sought the side where his sword would have hung. The next moment, with a kindly smile, he replied:

"You have mistaken my purpose."

The gallant Dougal shed tears of shame, as, grasping his companion by the hand, he acknowledged the error of which he had been guilty. Falling back, below the brow of the hill, they now crossed the high road, and struck into a path scarce distinguishable amid the verdure which surrounded it. Rapidly pursuing its course, they returned to the road, where the latter opened on a cool flower-bordered spring, whose quiet depths, imaging, in softened lustre, the glowing sky above, refreshed the weary eye, as much as the limpid waters might the parched and fevered tongue. A gentle slope of green separated it from the road-side. The thicket embowered the tranquil space, and made the fountain doubly sweet to the noon-tired wayfarer. Even Jasper and Dougal, crouching in ambush, felt their hearts toned by the peaceful serenity around them. It was only for a moment. The sound of approaching footsteps absorbed their attention. The soldiers appeared; they neared the little opening.

"Halt!" said the officer in command.

The corporal, with four others, led the prisoners to the spring. The rest grounded arms near the road, and threw themselves at ease on the soft turf. Jasper and Dougal lay, watching each motion with an intentness which scarcely allowed them to breathe. The former placed his fingers lightly on the other's arm. Two of the corporal's associates continued at guard, while two others momentarily rested their pieces against a tree, in order to fill their canteens. As they did so, Jasper pressed Dougal with a sudden gripe. A single bound, and the muskets were in their grasp! An instant explosion, and the sentinels fell lifeless. With the bounds of the muskets, two others were levelled to the earth, as the astounded survivors gained their feet. Too late! Fresh pieces, presented with deadly aim, brought them to a stand.

"Ho dies," exclaimed Jasper, "who moves a single inch from among you. Major Hendee, here are arms for you and your companions."

The royalists, in their new character of prisoners, were faced about and hurried off through by-ways, and across the country, as rapidly as might be. Nevertheless, it was not till the following afternoon that they were able to reach the neighborhood of Ivy Farm, as the residence of Major Hendee was termed. The dwelling of Thomas Jones, a whig partisan, stood a few miles distant from Ivy Farm; and here, Jasper and Dougal, calling a halt, found, to their great satisfaction, a party of Marion's men, and Miss Hendee herself. Unable to endure the suspense, she had ridden over, a few hours previous, in order, if possible, to gain some tidings of the absentees. We will not attempt to describe the delightful meeting, but rather leave it to the imagination of the reader. When the first rapture had subsided to a gentler enjoyment, Caroline Hendee eagerly listened to the account which her relatives gave of their rescue. Their enthusiastic praise was re-echoed in her heart and countenance. The moment arrived when the rescued were obliged to separate from their deliverers. The former, mounting the steeds which had been supplied to them, prepared to depart. Last of all, Caroline Hendee, turning to Jasper and Dougal, addressed them both, although, by accident or design, her words were delivered more especially to the latter:

"As I was the instigator of your perilous errand," she said, "it doubly becomes me to acknowledge the benefits which we have received. We never can repay them. But if ever there should come a day when a Hendee can be of any aid to you, remember that there are friends at Ivy Farm, whose all is at your disposal."

His eyes equalled in manly abashment before the bright orbs, which shone the more, for the sparkling moisture which they bore. He bowed, answering not a word. But long after the form of Caroline Hendee had vanished from his sight, he continued gazing on the point whence the last glimpse had reached him.

"Fool that I am!" he said, in his reverie. "I, a simple, unlettered sergeant, can I think of aspiring to her? Yes, I may so strive, as hereafter to be at least worthy of her remembrance!"

He was aroused by the sound of the bugle. He hastened to join the ranks. Then came the word of command:

"Prisoners in the centre. To the right wheel, and march!"

Month after month rolled on, and years began and ended, while the patriots continued their struggles. Oftimes, their cause sank to the lowest ebb; when, in the very crisis of despair, fortune would again smile on their efforts. But after many a desperate field, after many a scene of cruelty, scarce paralleled in the North, the flag of liberty triumphed, and the invaders sullenly anticipated the fast approaching hour when they should be forced to vacate their sole remaining fortress in the South.

Four years had passed since the incidents narrated in the main of our story, when a gentleman, in military undress, rode up the carriage way which crossed the lawn in front of the Hendee mansion. A young man, who had been reclining in the porch of the house, came forward to give greeting. No sooner, however, had he caught a nearer sight of the rider's features, than he hastily advanced, with a joyful recognition.

"Welcome to Ivy Farm, dear sir, *Colonel* Dougal, if I am correct!"

"The same," replied the other.

"Most happy are we to receive you, especially as we shall thus have the pleasure of your presence on an agreeable occasion. My sister's wedding takes place this eve, and you will be with us!"

The gallant colonel recoiled. A sudden pallor overspread his face.

"I cannot—or, rather, I fear I shall not be able to be present at the fortunate event; but will pay my regards—"

"My dear sir," interrupted young Hendee, "you surely will not leave us to-night? And you look ill; you need rest. At the very least, remain till to-morrow, colonel."

"Excuse me," said the soldier, recovering himself, and forcing an air of gayety. "It can hardly be so. But, as I said before, I can at least pay my respects to the bride."

A negro took the colonel's horse in charge, and young Hendee, with his guest, entered the house. The latter was received with grateful warmth. Nevertheless, his secret disquiet ere long made itself perceptible to his friends, although he did his best to conceal it. Some of the family being called to attend to arrangements within, the colonel was left alone with Caroline.

"Henry tells me," said the latter, "that you speak of leaving us this afternoon. Surely, colonel, you cannot be so unkind? And this eve, of all others," she added, half reproachfully.

"It may appear singular, Miss Hendee. But when duty calls, we may hardly choose but obey. However, I have the opportunity of offering my congratulations. Is it not strange," he added, with an ill-executed smile, "that I should, without previous knowledge of its approach, have arrived just on the eve of your wedding?"

"Mine!" exclaimed Caroline, with astonishment. "The wedding of my sister Anna, you mean. Do you not recollect her, colonel?"

The surprise redoubled his agitation; and the emotion was even, in some degree, mutual.

"Miss Hendee," said Dougal, "I know I am abrupt in what I would say; but how can I be otherwise? You have this moment restored me to existence. It remains for you to determine the future tenor of my life. The thought of you has been constant with me for years. It has been constant with me in danger and in victory. It has inspired me in the strife for distinction. Whatever I have gained has been the consequence of that thought. And now, pardon me, I ask but oneword in answer. May I but hope?"

What that answer was, may be supposed from the fact that the colonel remained that evening at the wedding, and assisted with a light heart. Nor did he go the next day; nor the next after. And when he *did* leave Ivy Farm, he went not companionless!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE STAR.

[TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.]

BY WILLIS B. PADON.

Ay! blot it out of memory's book,
And tear it from thy heart;
And when at night you on it look,
Remember not the part
It acted in the happy old,
Recalling one alone,
Who o'er thy soul the love-place hold
As life's uprising star.

That eastern chamber, where its ray
Fell softly on the floor!
O, close its casement when the day
Goes darkling down the shore:
For those pure beams might speak of one
Who shrined thee in his heart;
Whose woof of love thy own hand spun—
Only to tear apart.

The years shall come, the years shall go,
What might have been, is not;
But yet that twinkling star shall glow
When I shall be forgot.
You'll link it with some other love,
But none so true as mine:
While earth below or heaven above
Hath none so false as thine.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PICNIC.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

"PICNIC.—The splendid new yacht Step-and-fetch-it will leave the end of Short Wharf, at half past five o'clock precisely, on Thursday morning, June 23d, for a picnic excursion down the harbor, to such place as the ladies and gentlemen composing the party may elect. The above yacht is a fast sailer, having a beautiful cabin, and splendid accommodations for passengers, copper fastened throughout, and the greatest care will be taken that there shall be nothing to offend the ladies, fitted up in the best possible manner and warranted perfectly safe, or the money will be refunded. Tickets for the excursion, fifty cents. Gentlemen will bring their own refreshments. J. GRUMMET, *Commander*."

Such was the purport and intent of a yellowish, oblong placard, which greeted the eyes of Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins, as he leisurely wended his way homeward from "the office," as he was wont—at his boarding-house—to designate the little ten by twelve shop, where he daily pursued the humble but honest avocation of renovating the understandings of such worms of the dust as stood in a bad pair of boots and need of his services; for Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins, I am sorry to say, was rather above his business, not physically—for he stood but five feet, three and one eighth in his highest heeled boots—but mentally. His mind soared above even upper leather; and he fondly supposed his little equivocations deceived his fellow-boarders, as to his real profession, and they, not caring to crush this harmless vanity, allowed him to think so.

It was certainly wrong in Mr. Tompkins to be ashamed of a profession that has produced more remarkable men than almost any other—such men as Hans Sachs, "the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled awl," Bloomfield, the (some think) poet, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the admiral, and a host of others equally illustrious; but as that was his only fault, we must overlook it.

Ezekiel gazed long and earnestly at the placard, read and re-read it, while his thoughts wandered back to the days of his boyhood, the days of youth and innocence, when a picnic was the height of human enjoyment. How vividly he recalled the thick pine grove, near his father's house, the scene of innumerable merry-makings; the many times he had made himself sick with over-eating, and tired with overmuch play; and still more vividly came the remembrance of the return home, weary and sleepy, after the day's frolic, the thrilling exordium from his mother upon the subject of the total depravity of little boys in general, and her own little boy in particular, usually winding up in himself being vigorously spanked and put to bed—a punishment by no means commensurate with the heinousness of the crime committed in climbing trees, and getting pitch on his go-to-meeting trousers.

Over all these scenes, and others of later years, his mind wandered, until it brought up before a huge pot of clam chowder, which he had assisted in eating just twelve months previous. What a chowder was that! what a delicate aroma distilled from its steaming surface! what a delicious flavor pervaded the whole! And then, such clams! how temptingly the delicious and somewhat gritty bivalves appealed to his epicurean taste, as with a coy and clam-like modesty they concealed themselves between two semi-crackers; but, above all, those celestial onions—princes among the tribes of "garden sass"—with what loving fondness he dwelt upon every circumstance connected with their introduction into the pot; and a deep sigh escaped him, that it was only a remembrance. As those loved and unforgotten onions came thronging into his mind, his mouth watered, as, twelve months before, his eyes had done, when engaged in the pleasant occupation of "peelin' on 'em."

Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins was decided he would go to the picnic; and, furthermore, he would take Car'line with him. For him to resolve, was to accomplish; and withdrawing his eyes from the placard, he proceeded to take them home.

With the complacency and conscious dignity of a man who has fully and decidedly made up his mind upon a subject of vital importance, Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins dispatched his supper, arrayed himself in his most becoming attire, and turned his steps in the direction of Slapup Square, in which was situated the residence of Mrs. Smithers, the mother of the adorable Car'line.

Miss Caroline Smithers, or Car'line—to adopt the pronunciation of her friends and acquaintances—was the eldest of the four amiable and fascinating young ladies who called Mrs. Smithers by the venerated and endearing title of mother. From an early period of her existence, she had devoted her young energies, with an enthusiastic and untiring zeal, to the cause of vest making, in which laudable pursuit she received aid and comfort from her three younger sisters, each of whom she had initiated into the arts and mysteries of the profession, as soon as they stepped out of pantaletts and into long dresses, and arrived at the years of indiscretion, or, in other words, became full fledged young ladies.

Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins had made the acquaintance of Miss Smithers at a dancing party, the previous winter, and his little heart had, without a struggle, been carried away into captivity. Mr. Ezekiel considered Miss Car'line an adorable creature; Miss Car'line entertained a precisely similar opinion. Mr. Ezekiel thought he would like to get married; Miss Car'line felt nothing could be more delightful. Mr. Ezekiel considered himself a great catch, with whom any young lady would be happy to enter into a matrimonial alliance; but this feeling was not reciprocal, for Miss Car'line considered herself worthy a far higher destiny. But this she carefully concealed from him; for—as any young lady will tell you—good beaux are scarce, and it is a highly impolitic measure to discourage even a poor one, until a substitute is provided, and a poor beau is universally acknowledged to be infinitely better than no beau at all. For these reasons, Miss Car'line encouraged the addresses of Mr. Tompkins, and had fully decided to say yes, at the very first solicitation—provided she had no opportunity of saying yes to any other person, in the interim.

Miss Smithers, upon the evening in question, was busily engaged in "pressing off" a vest, when a succession of raps announced a visitor.

"Run, M'tildy, look out the entry winder, and see who that is a rappin'," said Car'line to her youngest sister but two.

Matilda vanished, and having ascertained that the raps were occasioned by a series of collisions between the knuckles of Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins and the outside of the front door, returned, with considerable celerity.

"La, Car'line, it's Mr. Tompkins, and I shouldn't wonder if he was a goin' to take you to see the Rayvils, for he's fixed up real smart and got his best things on."

Miss Car'line, upon receipt of this intelligence, hastily put the vest out of sight, shied a bundle of work into the bed-room and closed the door, then, with a dexterous movement of her foot, concealed some half-finished materials beneath the bureau, and catching up some soiled linen, destined for next Monday's wash, made a precipitate retreat up stairs, for the purpose of "doing" her hair, and putting on her new striped de laine and imitation thread lace collar, which the shopman had assured her would "do up" as well as the real article, if she didn't starch it too much; for, not expecting callers, she had been attired in a somewhat negligent, though picturesque costume. Those little etceteras, which possess the wonderful properties of making a fine lady out of almost anything, being duly accomplished, she descended to the parlor.

"How should you like to go to a picnic down the harbor?" inquired Ezekiel, after the usual stereotyped remarks concerning the weather, and the health of the respective members of the party; "'cause me and some other gentlemen are a goin' to get one up next Thursday, and I should like to have you go."

"O my, how nice!" chorussed the three younger Misses Smithers.

"I should like it very much," returned Caroline, with an air which was intended to convey the impression that she didn't like it at all; "that is," she continued, after a pause, "if there is a good many ladies a goin', and the party is select and genteel."

"O, as to that," replied the aristocratic Tompkins, improvising the pleasant little fiction for the double purpose of quieting any scruples she might entertain, and raising himself in her estimation at the same time; "as to that, we are some of the first young fellers in town that has the gettin' of it up, and it isn't likely we should carry any ladies but those of the highest respectability; indeed, young Peppergrass, the rich banker's son, told me in confidence, last night, that he should bring a couple of young ladies belonging to one of the first families up town. By the way, M'tildy," he continued, turning to that young lady, "I saw your feller, as I came along down, and he'll be here, bime-by, to invite you to go too."

Matilda emitted a giggle of delight, and forthwith proceeded up stairs for the purpose of making such additions and alterations in her toilet, as would make the conquest of the aforesaid "feller" a matter of certainty; leaving her two younger sisters looking very unhappy, and evidently revolving in their minds the important question, how long they should remain unappropriated, and, consequently, deprived of the pleasure of picnic excursions, and other enjoyments incidental and appertaining to, and generally connected with, a "feller."

Ezekiel, with the penetration and tact of a veteran diplomatist, instantly divined the nature of their thoughts, and the excellent opportunity of playing the grand seignor, at a very moderate cost, and he at once proceeded to make a display of his liberality.

"Well, girls," he went on to say, with the air of an emperor bestowing a diadem, "if you shouldn't happen to get an invite, between now and next Thursday morning, you might as well make up your minds to go along with us. There's no use doing the thing half way."

The girls expressed their ecstacy and a grateful sense of the favor conferred, by simultaneously ejaculating, "O my!" "aint it real nice!" and divers other notes of admiration, which, together with an interesting pantomimic display, usually denotes the supreme felicity of young ladies.

The various preliminary matters being arranged, and the oft repeated injunction to be all ready and have the last string tied by five o'clock, Thursday morning, being as often answered by the assurance that they would be all ready and waiting by half past four, Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins took his hat, and his departure, leaving the Smithers family something more than favorably impressed with his very gentlemanly behaviour and unbounded generosity.

Thursday morning at length arrived, and Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins arose to a day of pleasure and adventure. The morning was delightful. Ezekiel "*knew* it would be just such a day." If it had rained pitchforks, he would have said precisely the same thing; but as to that, so would you or I, under the same circumstances, with perhaps the addition—to render the remark more emphatic—"just my luck; never undertook to go anywhere in my life, but what something happened." This fact, being so obviously a fact, the remark would seem superfluous, but that the meaning of the sentence is the direct opposite of what the words imply; the impression intended to be conveyed being that something occurred to prevent, which changes an indisputable fact into a palpable falsehood; but so efficacious has this little fiction been found, in soothing and alleviating disappointed feelings, that it is admitted unquestioned into the society of sentences of respectability and veracity.

Having satisfied himself in regard to the weather, he proceeded to array his little figure in such a style of gorgeous splendor, that Solomon, in all his glory, could not have beheld him without experiencing a feeling of admiration, if not envy. A deep blue dress coat, very full in the skirts, and enriched with a dazzling display of double gilt buttons, a pair of spotless white duck pants, a lavish display of shirt collar, loosely surrounded with a bright red cravat, confined by an immense brooch, made up of some material very like the object-glass of a moderate sized telescope, Laocoon like, enveloped in the folds of impossible serpents with a head upon both ends, a pair of patent leather boots, much too small, and a diminutive hat, destined apparently for the exclusive protection of his left ear, these, together with a magnificently illuminated vest, made up the external embellishments of the fascinating Tompkins; and it was with a complacent and self-satisfied smile that he regarded his counterfeit presentment in the mirror. But what of that? didn't you and I experience a precisely similar sensation when we tried on that new coat, for the first time, t'other Sunday morning? There is no use in denying it, for 'tis so; and our friend Tompkins felt not one whit more complacent than the very best of my readers would have done, under similar circumstances, and with an equally well fitting and becoming suit of clothes.

These little arrangements having been completed, Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins, throwing care to the winds and a light breakfast into his stomach, proceeded with a rapid step toward Slapup Square, and reached the residence of his beloved precisely as the clock was striking five from the tower of the neighboring church of St. Nicholas.

The square was silent and deserted at that early hour, in consequence of which the voice of Miss M'tildy could be heard, with very pleasing effect, for a considerable distance, as that young lady, with the greater part of her mortal coil protruding from one of the upper windows, poured forth her soul in the exquisitely plaintive air of "Wait for the wagon," which instantly ceased upon Ezekiel's commencing a vigorous assault upon the front door with his knuckles, and removing her head from the window, she placed it before him.

"All ready, eh? Well, I'm glad of that, for we haven't but twenty minutes to get to the boat," he remarked, as the punctual M'tildy made her appearance, with a little red shawl about her shoulders, and a straw bonnet tied very tightly beneath her chin, giving her the appearance of having recently escaped decapitation, by the bungling manner in which the executioner performed his office, cutting her head only half off. "But where are the rest?" he continued, noticing the non-appearance of the others.

"We'll be down in a minnit," screamed Car'line from the top of the stairs; and a confused murmur of voices and scuffling of feet running hastily hither and thither, smote ominously upon the ear of Mr. Ezekiel.

"Sarah Jane, why don't you come and hook up my dress?" exclaimed Car'line, in a not very gentle tone of voice. "What have you done with them brown gaiter boots of mine?" angrily inquired a voice that clearly belonged to Sarah Jane, who was evidently more intent upon getting ready herself, than assisting her sister. "Felicia Ann, *do* get out from under my feet; how do you suppose I'm ever going to get ready, with you everlastingly standing before the glass?"

These, and kindred sounds, occupied a full half hour, while Mr. Ezekiel, frantic with impatience, alternately fretted and fumed, in concert with M'tildy, in the parlor; or rushed furiously into the street, to look at the clock, then rushed back with the announcement that it was almost noon—a species of exercise which he found so pleasant and exhilarating, that he continued it, at intervals of about one minute and three eighths, until the whole party, looking very cross and snappish, emerged from the door, and announced themselves ready for the expedition.

"There!" exclaimed Ezekiel, "I *knew* it would be just so; twenty minutes to seven! the boat, I suppose, has been gone this ten minutes." And the five pleasure seekers, burning with vexation toward each other, and faint from want of breakfast, and loss of the accustomed morning nap, proceeded, at a pace little short of a run, to accomplish the mile and a half that lay between them and "the haven where they would be." Up one street and down another they hurried, until, exhausted and out of breath, they arrived at Short Wharf. Their worst anticipations appeared to be realized; the wharf, instead of presenting the scene of bustling activity, which usually attends the departure of a picnic party, was occupied only by a few dock loafers and laborers, smoking their morning pipes, and endeavoring to incite a deadly feud between two reluctant and depressed looking roosters, to the intense gratification of a couple of dirty, half naked urchins, who were making the place resound with their yells of delight.

"There, now, if it aint too bad!" simultaneously exclaimed Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins, Miss Car'line, Miss M'tildy, Miss Sarah Jane, and Miss Felicia Ann Smithers, as the certainty of disappointment forced itself upon their minds; but still continuing to hasten toward the end of the wharf, as people always do, in such cases, as if there were some great consolation to be derived from an attentive and careful examination of the spot where the boat *has* been. But their surprise was only equalled by their pleasure, upon arriving at the stairs, to find the boat quietly laying in its accustomed place, and Commander Grummet, with his great, good natured face, brilliant with soap and water, and very much resembling the bright sunny side of a pumpkin, busily engaged "sloshing" water o'er the deck.

"What!" exclaimed Ezekiel, with the greatest anxiety and earnestness, "the picnic isn't postponed, is it?"

"O, no," returned the commander, depositing his bucket in the rack, and leisurely surveying the group; "it isn't pos'poned, but it's airly yet. When we advertise to start at half-past five, we never expects to get away afore nine; people as is fond of picnics amost always delights in being late, like yourselves, for though you're the first party aboard, you're summat more'n half an hour behind."

Our friends could not but acknowledge the truth of these remarks, and seating themselves upon the newly mopped and very damp seats, to recover their breath and their temper, entered into a spirited argrument upon the subject of each other's delinquencies; Car'line criminating Sarah Jane, and Sarah Jane retorting, by laying a serious charge to the account of Felicia Ann; which that young lady indignantly repudiated, M'tildy being the only one with whom no fault could be found; but all seemed to be of the opinion that Ezekiel was the person most to blame, in not ascertaining the exact time of departure; it not seeming to occur to them, that they would have been just as much behind time if he had told them twelve instead of five.

The party now began to arrive by instalments. First came an amphibious-looking young gentleman, in white duck trousers and blue flannel shirt, bountifully supplied with collar, profusely ornamented with white stripes; who immediately began swaggering about the deck with what he supposed to be a very nautical air, and keeping up a running fire of remarks, addressed to the company in general, and plentifully interlarded with sea terms painfully out of place, which elicited from the commander, with whom I was making strenuous efforts to appear on terms of intimacy—a smile of pitying contempt.

The next arrival was a fat little man, enclosed in a brown linen case, with his stout wife on one arm, and a corpulent basket, containing the creature comforts and materials of happiness for the day, on the other—who, seating himself in a comfortable position at the stern of the boat, went diligently to work making execrable puns and worse jokes; and laughing so immoderately at the same, that his wife was compelled to administer a series of vigorous thumps between the shoulders, as often as he became black in the face; a circumstance which occurred on an average, as often as once every half hour, throughout the day.

Then came a little Frenchman, who, on being informed that the boat would not start for a couple of hours, immediately became insane, raving and gesticulating in the most alarming manner; giving vent to his indignation, in numerous remarks derogatory to the reputation of the commander, whose unjustifiable conduct he characterized as infamouze and scandaleuze.

The arrivals now became somewhat crowded, and the confusion proportionately great, until the whole party, including the band, was safely embarked, and preparations commenced for getting under weigh. Red faced men in flannel shirts, and trousers turned up at the bottoms, ran up and down the wharf, casting off, and making fast, lines. Commander Grummet issued unintelligible orders in a voice like a thirty-two pounder snuffling from influenza. The nautical young gentleman, strongly impressed with the idea that a great deal was required and expected from him, ran violently from stem to stern, and from stern to stem, until catching his foot in the bight of the jib halyards, he precipitated himself head first over the bow and into the water; from which he was with some little difficulty fished out, amid the jeers and taunts of the red-faced gentlemen upon the wharf, who intimated that he had no cause to look so frightened, for any one could see with half an eye, he was never born to be drowned.

After a good deal of bustle, and an unlimited amount of swearing, the boat was got fairly into the stream, and the last line cast off by one of the before-mentioned red-faced gentlemen, who offered to bet a somewhat larger amount than, judging from his appearance, one would be led to suppose him able to command—that not one of the party would ever set their feet upon dry land again.

The wind was fair, and the boat danced merrily along, while the "band," consisting of a feeble fiddle, a clarinet that could be heard with distinctness half a dozen miles, and a guitar that couldn't be heard at all, discoursed spirit-stirring strains, to the sound of which the younger portion of the company disported themselves upon the light fantastic toe; and all was happiness and jollity.

After a protracted and stormy debate as to the spot where the picnic should be held, and which seemed destined never to be decided, Commander Grummet interposed, remarking: "As no one seemed to know what they were talking about, he should just take and go where he thought fit, so they might as well make themselves contented." This proceeding restored harmony, and in due time the yacht was brought to an anchor, and with the usual accompaniment of screaming and giggling, the ladies were transferred, by means of a little flat-bottomed, brown paper looking boat, from the yacht to the beach, and at once proceeded to a very pretty grove, upon a rising ground, at a short distance from the landing.

The place was evidently created for the express purpose of accommodating picnic parties, as several of the ladies remarked; and the company paired off in couples, to enjoy themselves as their fancy dictated, the younger portion indulging in walks and cheap sentiment, while the elders busied themselves in the preparation of dinner. A bountiful supply of provisions had been brought, and under the able superintendence of Commander Grummet, the spot selected for the refectory soon began to assume an inviting appearance. There were cold roast fowls, and cold boiled tongue, in abundance; diminutive tarts, with a very thick crust, and very thin filling of cranberry—mammoth sandwiches and noble pies—custards, with the signs of the zodiac described upon their surface, in strings of dough—emaciated seed cakes, and collapsed doughnuts, in reckless profusion, and a host of other "goodies," the very sight of which would have created an appetite in the stomach of a mummy.

The day was delightful. The sea murmured musically at their feet; sweet-toned birds twittered joyously from the overhanging boughs; many-legged bugs destroyed their powers of locomotion by crawling over the butter; the gentle breeze with grateful coolness fanned their brows; a prize toad of mammoth proportions hopped into the milk, and Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins was in his element, although the toad wasn't. The toad, however, was speedily removed, and the party, who were disposed to make the best of everything, said it didn't make much difference, for it was only a prejudice people in this country entertained against toads; for their part they didn't think there was anything so dreadful about them, and it was well known the French, as well as other nations, esteemed them as a great delicacy. It is true some one volunteered the remark, that the animals devoured by Frenchmen were frogs, not toads, and in proof of the statement appealed to the little Frenchman, then present—who merely shrugged his shoulders somewhat higher than his head, and became partially insane. But the speaker was instantly frowned down, and the milk drank; for what possible use can there be in making remarks calculated to disgust people, when they have made up their minds to make the best of everything?

But why occupy the reader's time in a description of a picnic? Are not all picnics alike? And who, let me ask, has not attended one or more of them? Let me draw up a programme, which will apply equally to all picnics, past or to come—calculated for the latitude of Boston, but will answer for the adjoining States. Morning, magnificent; rather early, or late, as the case may be—for the boat; splendid run down the harbor; particularly pleased with the young lady with black eyes and curls; dinner from so-so to doubtful; prepare to return; wind comes round ahead. Looks like rain—does rain—rains hard; company in a state of damp misery; clarinet drunk and disorderly; are surprised to find that the young lady with black eyes and curls is not always so amiable as she was in the morning; the wind having increased to a gale, causing the boat to wabble about in an alarming manner, you wonder what can induce the nautical young gentleman to lay prostrate upon the wet deck, with his head hanging over the rail; but calling to mind his remarks of the morning, concerning the number of times he had crossed the ocean, you come to the conclusion, that his great experience has taught him to find a peculiar pleasure in looking attentively towards the bottom; wet and dispirited, arrive at the wharf about seventeen minutes past eleven; walk home in a soaking rain, and suddenly remember that you left the latch key in 'tother breeches pocket; ring the bell an hour and three quarters before you can rouse any one; receive a denunciatory lecture from your mother the next morning at breakfast, upon the subject of your late hours and dissipation; endeavor to clear yourself by stating the whole particulars; your remarks evidently disbelieved; severe cold, and head feeling as big as a bucket, for a fortnight.

For the truth of this description I appeal to any experienced person—it being an established meteorological fact that a picnic is sure to bring rain, and, of course, a head wind. So much being established, the other evils follow, as a matter of course.

Precisely this occurred on the present occasion; and it was somewhere about three o'clock in the morning when Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins, having seen his ladies home, weary and wet, dragged his steps homeward, and knocked feebly at the door of his residence, from which he had departed with such high hopes in the morning.

But the wet clothes dried, and the weary limbs became rested, and Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins and Miss Car'line Smithers became fonder than ever of each other; and the same night upon which M'tildy made her "friend"—a happy man—Ezekiel and Car'line were both made happy.

For the benefit of my young lady readers, I may state that Miss Sarah Jane and Felicia Ann Smithers have had the wish of their hearts fulfilled; each of them being supplied with an unexceptionable "feller," and I am in daily expectation of receiving a large-sized glazed card, with the name of Mr. Somebody or other, Esq., handsomely engraved thereon, and fastened with a piece of very narrow blue ribbon, to another glazed card of smaller size, bearing the name of Miss Smithers; both enclosed in a white envelop with silver gilt borders; and the whole, together with a large piece of wedding cake, protected from injury by a white cardboard box, secured with more blue ribbon, and ornamented with more silver gilt stripes, and directed in a very diminutive hand, to your humble servant; the cards, to place in the basket on my table, and the cake, to place beneath my pillow, that I may have pleasant dreams about—about—well, I don't know as there is any necessity for bringing her so prominently before the public; so I'll not mention her name; but she is a very nice little girl, I can assure you, and I think a sight of her.

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth.—*Cicero.*

THE FLAG OF OUR

MATURIN M. BA
EDITOR AND PRO

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THE PURSUIT O[F]

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"Soliloquy," "To Miss C. A. M.," "Starbar," "Not lost, but gone before," "The Departure," "The Ship at Sea," "How I fell in Love," "Squirrel Shooting," and "Parted forever."

THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH.

Perhaps the most crying social evil that now exists in this country, is the avidity with which wealth is pursued—almost every channel of active and sedentary occupation being crowded with adventurers, bent, almost exclusively, on gain. The mere possession of wealth is regarded with far too much respect; the pursuit of it occupies far too much time, too much thought, and is, in fact, so universal, as to call for serious comment. The desire of a competence is praiseworthy; in fact, a total contempt of money argues neither good sense nor good morals. We have ever found that those who were loudest in their expressions of contempt for "filthy lucre," were the very men who did not scruple to levy heavy contributions on the purses of their friends, and were not in reality despisers of money, but of the toil necessary to obtain it in this work-day world.

But the desire of a competence which shall put its possessor above the danger of want in days of sickness, and inaction, and old age—which shall prevent him from becoming a charge upon the public, or a burthen on his friends and family, is a very different thing from that inordinate craving which is never satisfied, and which is always calling for more; which requires the devotion of all the faculties to the one pursuit of money, to be expended as it pours in on the purchase of mere externals, which is extravagance, or on the multiplication of itself, which is avarice. The "golden mean" of the poet is rarely sought for; the modest competence that satisfied our fathers is inadequate to the contentment of our desires. The ten or twenty thousand, which of old was a modest competence, and the result of half a life of moderate labor, varied by agreeable recreation, and mental and heart-culture, is now hooted at as a beggarly portion. With us, a million is success, and forty or fifty thousand dollars a failure. The pence are lost in the scramble for pounds; and the "pile," as it is—"a pyramid," as it should be—called, must be won at a dash—as a fortunate better sometimes breaks the bank at *rouge et noir*. It is too true that success and wealth have come to be regarded as almost synonymous terms; and that wealth commands too often more respect than steadfast virtue and laborious attainments.

What wonder, then, since such is the worship of Mammon, that hundreds yearly are dazzled by the gilded idol of the million to such an extent that they regard all means as justifiable which lead to the great end? The bank defaulters, the fraudulent treasurers, the absconding brothers; these are all, in a great measure, the victims of public opinion—a public opinion which sets up a false standard to be followed, and which almost pardons the detected offender in admiration of the greatness of his aims, while, with a singular inconsistency, it visits with the severest reprehension the starved clerk of the millionaire, who is guilty of abstracting a few hundreds because he falls that much short of the means of decent subsistence.

It is quite time that those who perceive the enormity of the evil we have commented on, should speak out, trumpet-tongued, against it; that an effort should be made to return to the simplicity, moderation, and high-toned commercial integrity of the honored fathers of our country.

FORREST'S MANSION.—The American tragedian has removed most of his costly furniture, his valuable paintings and relics, and his superb library, from his residence on the Hudson, to his newly purchased home in Broad Street, Philadelphia. Fonthill, however, will still remain in his possession, as a summer retreat. Mr. Forrest is possessed of exquisite taste, and there is nothing of vulgar ostentation in his style of living, though his expenditures are ample as becomes a man of his fortune.

NEW YORK.—The odors of leaky gaspipes and allanthus trees in New York, are said by the sufferers to be excruciating. The perfumes are worse than those of the city of Cologne, of which Coleridge wrote:

"The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
But say, ye nymphs, what power divine
Can ever wash the river Rhine?"

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—Modern refinement is distinguished by the elegant appellations it substitutes for antique phrases. Thus a barber is an "artist in hair," a footpad, "an illegal tax-collector," and a bill-sticker, an "artist in paste."

A FACT.—When flour sells for twelve dollars a barrel, marriages are few and far between; but when it falls to five, connubialism increases fast.

NEW LINE OF OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

We rejoice to hear that subscriptions are coming in so fast in aid of the establishment of a line of steamships direct from this port to Liverpool, that the enterprise may be regarded as a "fixed fact." We think there is no commercial speculation that promises so well to the "solid men" and the solid capital of Massachusetts. This port is one day's sail nearer to Europe than New York. The point of departure for several great lines of railroads, communicating with Canada, and radiating to nearly all points of the compass, it affords rare facilities for the transportation of goods for the supply of a vast region of country. Such a line cannot fail to command a very large proportion of the travel from this country to Europe, and to convey a great share of foreign travellers coming to the United States.

The Cunard line, admirably managed, and important as its services have been, fails to meet all the requirements of our people. The delay at Halifax, and the fact of the monopoly of the news of these steamers by New York, for a period sufficient to deprive us of a great deal of its commercial value, are obvious points that need not be enlarged upon. We need not ask the question, can we build ships here that will compete with other lines? We will back Donald McKay against the world for building a boat that shall astonish everything afloat upon the ocean; and if any faster steamship than he can model can be set agoing, we should not care to take passage in her, for we shall be satisfied to cross the Herring Pond in eight days, and we think he can turn out a boat that would put us across in that period. Every city is bound to make the most of its own advantages, and this steam line is the one thing wanting just now to crown our business facilities. Everything promises complete success to it.

ADULTERATION OF TEA.

The Chinese are adepts in trickery. The unhealthful effect of some parcels of tea which are dealt out in our cities, is owing to their being adulterated so extensively by the Chinese. Old and damaged tea is taken by them, and placed over hot pans of charcoal to dry. The dried leaves are put into cast iron pans—a few pounds of tea in each pan—and placed over furnaces. A little tumeric is now stirred in; but in order to secure a good green hue, lumps of Prussian blue and gypsum are added. These are then stirred before the fire until the tea has taken the fine, bloom color of hyson, with very much the same scent. The transformed leaves are then picked, sifted, chopped small, and sold for excellent young hyson.

NEW YORK MILITIA.

The celebrated Seventh Regiment of New York State Militia lately performed camp duty near Kingston, N. Y. The encampment was called "Camp Worth." One of the features of the affair was the issuing of a daily journal at the local printing office, wherein the "doings" of the regiment, in all particulars, were given. It contained the daily exercises, orders, etc., and was published for and distributed at the camp. The members of the regiment were the principal contributors. It was called the "Camp Worth Journal." The Seventh Regiment, taken as a whole, is the finest body of volunteer troops ever organized. It embraces every arm, and its drill is perfection itself. Such a body would be priceless in actual service.

NEW MOVEMENT.—The Boston police have been arresting street loafers, and we shall have to mourn the absence of the elegant *flaneurs* who made audible comments upon passing ladies, and signified their disapprobation of a dress pattern by an occasional drop of vitriol. No loafers allowed in the streets! What are we coming to? We shall next hear of the proscription of hand-organs and street monkeys.

EMPEROR ALEXANDER.—The new emperor of Russia is said to bear no more placable feeling toward England and France than his father did, and will not be likely to let them off before he has taken the starch out of them. Soon after his accession, he said to some Americans who were presented to him: "Our countries have one common interest—to curb England of her mania for giving laws to other nations."

ENGLAND AND ITS CAPITAL.—Frenchmen can never endure England. An officer, who accompanied Louis Napoleon in his recent visit, said the only fruits he found were baked apples, and that the English had no polish except in their cutlery. As for the climate, he remarked that he was informed there were eight months of winter, and four of bad weather.

INVIOLATE.—Henry IV. one day asked Father Cotton, his confessor, the following question: "Would you reveal the confession of a man who declared to you that he had resolved to assassinate me?" "No, sir," replied the priest, "but I would hasten to throw myself between you and him."

MORMONISM.—This delusion appears to be spreading instead of subsiding. There will be a larger immigration of foreign Mormons this year than any previous year. Polygamy still flourishes, and Elder Hyde has issued proposals for three or four more dozen wives.

AWFUL.—The French lately sent home *forty-three thousand* wounded and sick from the Crimea, and they have buried at least *one hundred thousand* in that dreadful charnel-house. Such is war. Thank God for the peace we enjoy!

THE MILLENIUM.—Robert Owen thinks the Millenium commenced on the 14th day of May. The war in the East, we should think, would make sad havoc with his theory.

JUST SO.—Saint Pierre says that one should never say he is right, but "I am of this opinion at present."

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Our contributions to the Paris Exhibition are chiefly revolvers and India rubber goods.

The Courier and Enquirer proposes a public subscription for General Scott.

Mrs. Le Vert, the American belle, visited Vesuvius during the eruption.

The Grand Duke Constantine will be Regent of Russia if Alexander dies.

The publish a tri weekly Gazette at Hoboken, N. J. It is a smart paper.

Forty-six infernal machines were destroyed by the British, off Cronstadt.

The London Times thinks the war will take care of itself—very likely.

George L. Pauncefort, of the Boston Theatre, is on a summer starring tour.

The Boston Veterinary Institute has been organized—D. D. Slade, President.

Lt. St. N. A. M. Dudley has been ordered to go to Fort Laramie.

Twelve thousand shingles were lately seen floating in our bay. Curious.

Travellers say we, Americans, eat more and faster than any other people.

The rise of wool has stopped half the Salisbury Manufacturing Company's works.

"Ocean Herald," and "Monarch of the Sea," (Yankee), are carrying shot for the French.

The French government are about to increase their navy largely.

In a single day seventy thousand persons visited the Paris Exhibition.

The king of the Sandwich Islands has a powerful army of 120 men.

Kossuth says he took only $1132 27 cts. from this country when he left.

A year's wool of 3500 sheep supplies the Lawrence mills for one day.

The blockaded steamer, "United States," is said to have been purchased by Cuba.

Madame Rachel appears at the Metropolitan Theatre, N. Y., September 1st.

People have had their choice between baking and broiling recently.

The new skirts worn by ladies are six feet in diameter.

AERONAUTICS.

Among all the costly means and appliances for carrying on the war in the East, we are a little surprised that no attempt has been made by the allies to reconnoitre Sebastopol by means of observations taken from balloons. When balloons were invented in France, towards the close of the last century, it was believed that they would prove of utility in military service, and aerostation, or the art of navigating the air, was studied in several of the military establishments. The battle of Fleurus was said to have been gained in consequence of observations of the enemy's camp made from a balloon. An aerostat might be sent up when the wind was favorable (to return by a counter current) to a height that would baffle the aim of even Minie rifleman, while the passengers, by the aid of powerful glasses could learn the condition of the enemy beneath. Of course the experiment would be hazardous, but there are hundreds of gallant men who would readily volunteer on the service; and the result might prove of the highest importance to the allies. The navigation of the air has occupied so much attention at Paris that there would be no difficulty in finding experienced aeronauts to undertake the management of the balloons designated for this employment. The exposure of life, of course, would not be reckoned; for where thousands are sacrificed in one gallant dash on the enemy, two or three lives might well be hazarded in an experiment, in the success of which two armies would be interested. We think we shall forward this suggestion to the French minister of war—the British government are too old fogyish to give it a hearing.

SUBLIME.—When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells the highest on the mountain takes his horn, which is like a speaking trumpet, and is used to convey sounds to a great distance, and calls aloud, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat the words. The sound lasts many minutes, for every echo of the mountains, and grotto of the rocks, repeats the name of God.

AN INDUSTRIOUS WARD.—In the second ward of New York there are employed nearly 93,000 persons, exclusive of those at work on newspapers and periodicals. There are 568 manufacturers, the great majority of which are gold and silver artisans, book-binders, and tailors. One firm in Maiden Lane melts down, in gold and silver, and does a business in the course of the year of $1,550,000. Another firm, in Fulton Street, silversmiths, uses $160,000 in silver coin in a year.

CHESS PLAYING.—Mr. O'Sullivan, the United States Minister at Lisbon, who is said to be one of the best chess players in America, played, during his late stay in Paris, twenty-seven games, without odds, with M. Saint Amant, the well-known French player. Of the twenty-seven, M. Saint Amant won twenty-one, Mr. O'Sullivan three, and three were drawn.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—Since this favorite illustrated journal came into the hands of Mr. Ballou,—who by the by is a Bostonian, and a full-blooded Yankee—it has steadily increased in artistic and mechanical excellence. The present week's number is a most creditable specimen of the art typographical in this country, and compares well with anything of the sort produced in Europe. When the cost of the large number of illustrations which each number contains is considered, and the superfine quality of the paper on which the Pictorial is printed, it is really remarkable that the numbers can be sold for six cents. We feel a degree of pride that so complete a literary enterprise should hail from Boston.—*Daily Bee.*

BRITISH CURRENCY.—The British House of Commons have adopted a resolution to issue silver coins representing the one hundredth part of a pound, and copper coins the one-thousandth.

GREAT CRY AND GREAT WOOL.—The farmers in Ohio have sold $6,000,000 of wool this season. We cannot deduct a mill from the amount, though it does seem a pretty large one.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Sculptor of Verona," a tale by HARRIET A. DAVISON.
"An Indian Legend," by Mrs. M. E. ROBINSON.
"A Reminiscence of the last War," by GUSTAVUS H. BALLOU.
"The Unmeant Rebuke," a life lesson, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
"Catharine to Heathcliff," a poem by S. L. SPENCER.
"Mother," stanzas by Mrs. R. T. ELDREDGE.
"I think of thee," a poem.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give this week a representation of Chantrey's statue of Washington in the State House, Boston.

A picture in natural history, delineating the East India Silk Worm, the Bombyx Cynthia of China.

A view of a group of South Sea Islanders, a people until quite recently, hardly elevated above brute existence.

An engraving giving a truthful view of St. John, N. B.

A picture of Train & Co.'s Fire Proof Warehouse at Melbourne, Australia.

View of Squaw Rock, a curious natural formation at Squantum, Mass.

A picture of Kansas City, Missouri.

View of Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

Representation of the Club House, West Street, Boston.

Picture of Spy Pond and Taft's Hotel, West Cambridge, Massachusetts.

View near the church of Nossa Senhora do Monte, Funchal, Madeira.

Palace of the Governor at Funchal, Madeira.

. The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

The Journal de la Corse announces the discovery of a mine of mercury in the district of Ajaccio.

It is said that more churches have been erected in England during the last fifty years, than had been built for five centuries before.

The Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society have presented a fine Cheshire cheese, 90 lbs. weight, to the Emperor Napoleon.

John Black, for twenty-five years editor of the London Morning Chronicle, and "father of the London press," died a short time since, aged 72.

On the late anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, Lord Seaton caused a gratuity of 5s. to be given to each survivor of the memorable conflict at present residing in Kilmainham Hospital.

A proclamation has been published in Altona prohibiting enlistments for the Foreign Legion. The penalty for disobedience is eight years imprisonment and hard labor.

A comparison of the sums insured against loss by fire, in the different assurance offices of England, shows that property exceeding in value one thousand millions sterling is thus protected.

The science of photography is now assuming such universal dimensions that we find the large cities and towns on the Continent are following the example set by London in holding their "Expositions Photographiques."

The Allies have given orders to complete the destruction of the fortifications of Kinburn. Two hundred pieces of cannon and two years' provisions were found in the forts. The Circassians plundered the town.

A monument to Daniel O'Connell, executed by Benzomi, at the expense of Mr. Bianconi, the well-known car proprietor in Ireland, has been completed and is to be placed in the church of Sant' Agata della Suburra, belonging to the Irish College at Rome.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please.

Men are very vain creatures, and of all things hate to be thought so.

To say to an applicant, "I have no money," is almost always equivalent to saying, "I have no charity."

The proud and disdainful will find quite the contrary of what they expect, if by their carriage they look for esteem.

Temptations will have more effect on the unstable than the stable person; the wind blows alike on the water and the rock; but how different the result.

All men in their hearts covet esteem, yet are foolish any one should discover their fondness to be esteemed; because men would pass for virtuous, that they may draw some other advantage from it, besides virtue itself.

Every man ought to endeavor at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself; and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

Men of the world hold it impossible to do a disinterested action, except from an interested motive; for the sake of admiration, if for no more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced that, when the sun is showering light from the sky, he is only standing there to be stared at.

Those who, in confidence of superior capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

Joker's Budget.

Sealed proposals will be received until November next for supplying walnuts to the city squirrels the ensuing winter.

There is a thriving friendly society in Manchester, Eng., under the somewhat forbidding title of "Antediluvian Buffaloes."

There is no doubt that when our ships are ploughing the main, they must meet with some very harrowing scenes.

A man said of a painter he knew, that "he painted a shingle so exactly like marble, that when it fell into the river it sank!"

An eminent housebreaker, having completed the term of his imprisonment, applied to the Grimsby magistrates to have his skeleton keys and other professional tools given up to him.

Stocks took a decided rise a day or two since. An eight foot Vermonter bought a dozen at one of the furnishing stores, and put half upon his neck at once. Queer institution—the stock market.

A venerable young gentleman, four years old, recently threw his maternal relative into a fit of admiration, by the following speech: "I like most all kinds of cake—pound cake, sponge cake, and jelly cake—but I don't like stomachache."

A gentleman on a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage money if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Not in the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

An editor of a paper, who was a great sufferer from toothache, made the following observation, after a violent attack: "The person who can write editorials while suffering with toothache, could kick up his heels over the grave of Hope, and snap his dying fingers in the face of Time and Sorrow."

Quill and Scissors.

A disease, called charbon, is killing the cattle by large numbers in the vicinity of Matagorda, Texas, and the flesh of such animals as die of it is deadly poisonous. The same disease was equally destructive about Bayou Sara, La., in 1836. No cure has yet been found for it.

The people of Lockport, Ill., ascertaining that the editor of the only paper in the village, a very worthy man, was "hard up," as editors always are, paid him, on handsome and liberal scale, a "donation visit," after the manner of such a visit to clergymen.

A fact worth knowing—In nine cases out of ten, coughs, colds, and all bronchial irritations, however severe, may be cured by the use of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. A single trial only is needed to prove this.

A writer gives an instance in which a bullet entered on the side of the head, passed around beneath the scalp and fell out upon the opposite side, as though it had passed directly through the brain.

The New York City Government has made a contract with a party to remove the reef of rocks between the Battery and Governor's Island, known as "Diamond Reef." The price fixed on is $35,000.

The accounts from the coal regions state that coal is again advancing. The demand is very great. The iron furnaces are again in blast. The Cumberland coal is in growing demand for railway locomotives.

The "Hansom Cab," is the name of a new carriage just introduced in Boston from London. It is singular looking but very convenient; and is said to have supplanted most others in the great city.

The New York Tribune says the Commissioners of the Canal Fund will make a further loan of $2,250,000 for the enlargement, soon after the 30th of Sept., next.

The city of New Haven is now undergoing considerable renovation. Old buildings are coming down and handsome blocks are going up on all the business streets.

The amount of stocks in banks, railroads, and turnpikes, owned by the State of New York, is estimated to be worth $2,244,800, having cost a much larger sum

Prof. Thayer, of Woodstock, has examined the body recently disinterred at Middlesex, and described in the papers as a case of petrifaction, and pronounces it not stone but *adipocere*.

Hair, feathers, woollen rags, leather, horns, dry blood, dry flesh, and fish, contain from fifteen to seventeen per cent of nitrogen, and are consequently good manure.

A cutting objection is made to the elevation of Gen. Houston to the presidential chair. They say he would whittle the arms off!

The British court, it is said, is setting its face against racing, and that the prize cup is to be discontinued.

The Dayton Journal publishes a report of a sermon under the head of sheriff's sale. Funny people up in Dayton.

Betsey Leonard of Keene, N. H., relict of one of the Bunker Hill minute men, recently attained her hundredth year. She was married in 1775.

Among his other high sounding titles, the king of Ava has that of "Lord of twenty-four Umbrellas."

There are stated to be fifty-four mills in California, supposed to be able to turn out 4000 barrels of flour per day.

Between fifteen and sixteen thousand reaping machines, it is said, will be manufactured and sold this year in our country.

A donation of $5000, from some unknown source, has lately been received by the treasurer of the Massachusetts Missionary Society.

The great bell of St. Resi, at Moscow, weighing 80,000 pounds, which fell more than three months ago, has been swung again.

Five English females pay twenty pounds a year for the privilege of selling gingerbread at Ormskirk, in Lancashire.

The Bristol, R. I., Railroad, built at a cost of $400,000, has been opened for travel, the cars being run by the Boston and Providence Co.

Seven thousand tons of ice are cut from the lakes in Lynn, per year, on an average.

In the United States there were, in 1850, 1666 persons over 100 years of age.

A salt lake has been discovered about 150 miles from St. Cloud, in Minnesota.

The Fall River News calls New Bedford the sperma-*city!*

The rate of interest established by the Nebraska Legislature, is 10 per cent

A few drops of ether it has been found, will, when mixed with rancid oil, restore its freshness.

Marriages.

In this city by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. William F. Emerson to Miss Harriet M. Moffatt.

By Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Granville Leland to Miss Elizabeth A. Lawrence.

By Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. John F. Shillaber to Miss Mary E. Snow.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. George MacDonald to Miss Catharine Shepherd.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Joseph Lamson to Miss Nancy A. Taplin; Mr. Reuben Kimball to Miss Lucinda L. Taplin.

By Rev. Mr. Squibbett, Mr. James Molony to Miss Anna Coleman.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Charles Dugan to Miss Margaret Kelley.

At Dartmouth, Mr. James E. Arnold to Miss Mary M. Dawley.

At Salem, Mr. William H Nutter to Miss Caroline Rankin.

At Gloucester, Mr. Peter Sexton to Miss Amanda F. Goodwin.

At Grafton, Mr. John Brophy to Miss Emily Hall.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Andrew R. Hyer to Miss Emma J. Hathaway.

At Wilbraham, Mr. Henry A. Skinner to Miss Jane Cuzen.

At Newburyport, Mr. George W. Pike to Miss Caroline A. Smith.

At North Dartmouth, Mr. Benjamin Tucker to Miss Sarah E. Harwood.

At Kent's Hill, Me., by Rev. E. Robinson, Mr. Alfred M. Hinds to Miss Julia A. Robinson.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Caroline F. Wheelock, 42. Mr. Matthew Dalton, 52. Mr. William S. Bartlett, 21. Mrs. Alice S. Palmer.

At South Boston, John Tillson, Esq., 68.

At Charlestown, Miss Susan J. B. Decker, 18.

At Somerville, Mr. John N. Worth, 75.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Lydia L., wife of Mr. John Cooper, 48.

At Needham, Mr. Moses M. Libby, 26, of the firm of A. N. Libby & Co., of Boston.

At Newton, Miss Catharine Jewett, daughter of Mr. Thomas Symonds, 22.

At Essex, Miss Lucretia A. R. Burnham, 17.

At New Bedford, Mrs. Abby K., wife of Mr. David T. Standish, 53.

At Gloucester, Capt. Edward Daniels, 60.

At Methuen, Mr. Joseph W. Carleton

At Concord, Mr. Levi Hutchins, 94.

At Worcester, Mrs. Nancy Stone, wife of Mr. Willard Stone, 69.

At Hyannis, Mr. Joseph Bassett, 93.

At Manchester, N. H., Hon. Nowell Peace, 69.

At East Greenwich, R. I., Mr. Oliver Weeks, 106.

At Northampton, Mr. Jonathan Strong, 81.

At South Hadley Falls, Mrs. Lucy B., wife of Mr. Hiram A. Begg, 29.

At Springfield, Mr. John Phelan, 70; Mr. James Martin, 22.

At Nantucket, Mrs. Judith P., wife of Mr. Peter C. Pinkham, 54.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Caroline L., wife of Dr. C. L. Mitchell, 32.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A KISS.

BY W. COWPER, JR.

A kiss—O, 'tis a magic spell
That wildly thrills the breast,
And bids it with emotion swell,
When lip to lip is pressed;
'Tis friendship's pledge—affection's seal—
And, though a transient bliss,
Yet still the coldest heart must feel
The rapture of a kiss.

A kiss—'tis love's own fervent breath,
Fond language of the heart;
The last communion held in death,
When friends forever part.
When gloomy cares disturb the breast,
No charm can soothe like this;
The mind is sweetly lulled to rest
Beneath a magic kiss.

A kiss!—yes, 'tis a dear delight,
Whose memory often cheers
And shines through clouds serenely bright,
Recalling bygone years.
Who hath not felt the bosom beat
With an ecstatic bliss,
As loving souls together meet
In transport's glowing kiss?

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LILLIE PALMER.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

CHAPTER I.

LEAVING HOME.

I was an only child, the petted darling of a fond father and an indulgent mother. Of care and sorrow my childish days knew nothing; troubles were never allowed to cloud my brow, and my wishes were gratified, and my most trivial desires attended to, with the fondest regard for my happiness and comfort. I loved my parents with all the devotion my childish heart was capable of, and as every day brought some fresh proofs of their kindness and affection, my heart would fill with gratitude, and I strove to show them how I appreciated their love.

I had never left them. My mother, herself an accomplished woman and an excellent scholar, had taken the charge of my education, and my father's leisure hours were devoted to the instruction and amusement of his little daughter. His business had prospered, and he used to say that when one more year had passed, he would give it up, and with my mother and myself visit his old English home, and then return to America, and spend his days in peace, in the lovely spot that I called home.

Alas for our bright hopes and joyous anticipations! When I was ten years old, my dear father died, leaving my mother and myself—independent, it is true, but O, how lonely and desolate! The fond guide and protector, the indulgent husband and father, gone from us forever! No more pleasant rides, no more delightful conversations—everything seemed changed. I indulged my selfish sorrow for a long time, and had seriously injured my health, when I was aroused by the dangerous illness of my only remaining parent, my widowed mother. This new sorrow distracted my attention from the old one, and in my anxiety to see her restored to health, the acuteness of my grief for the death of my father wore away, and I felt happy once more when my mother was able to leave her room and join me in the little study that had always been our school-room, and where we had passed so many happy hours.

By the advice of my old nurse I had put every thing belonging to my father out of sight, even to his pen and ink; but my care was useless, where every article of our household furniture served to remind my mother of some pleasant incident of their lives. Long she stood before his portrait, and gazed with streaming eyes on those beloved features, whose every expression was graven on her heart; carefully she searched his books, and laid aside those marked in the familiar hand, to be treasured up as sacred relics.

My happiness at my mother's recovery was of short duration; she never regained her old strength, and her short breathing and distressing cough told the sad truth that I would fain have blinded myself to. Her physician recommended change of air, but no persuasions could induce her to leave her beloved home; and there, through long years of weary suffering she continued to dwell. I never left her, night or day; and when at last she was unable to leave her bed, it was from me, and me alone, she would receive those little attentions that are so soothing to the invalid. I knew that she must die, but still I never gave up the hope of seeing her once more about; and when the last sad parting came, it was with an overwhelming shock that I realized that I was alone in the wide world. I had become so used to seeing her ill and feeble, but still it was her, that the loneliness of the house struck chills to my heart, and I sat in her room, and wept and mourned for her, as if she had left me without warning.

My father's partner, Mr. Corbet, had been very kind to me, and now wished me to leave the scene of so much happiness and misery, and take up my abode with his family. He was my guardian, and as such took a peculiar interest in my welfare, which he saw would not be promoted by giving way to useless grief. I begged hard to be allowed to remain where I was, and at last gained consent to do so until the arrival of letters from my English relations, to whom my mother had written some time before her death. My nurse remained with me, and we two lived there quite peaceful lives, that nothing disturbed, until a letter came from the only brother of my father, requesting my guardian's consent to my spending a year with them in England. As I was not quite sixteen at this time, and did not come of age for two years, according to my father's will, Mr. Corbet approved of this invitation, and immediately made preparations for my departure.

He owned a fine vessel, which was now about to sail; and as she was bound for a port near which my uncle resided, it was arranged that I should take passage in her. A handsome state-room was fitted up for me, and my nurse, Mrs. Smith, was to accompany me. The house and grounds were to be let to a person, who undertook to keep them in the best order, and nothing was to be touched or removed that my parents had placed there.

It was with a sad heart I bid adieu to the loved and familiar scenes of my childhood, to go out into that world of which I had an instinctive dread. I wept bitter tears over the graves of my parents, and with longing, lingering looks bid farewell to my home, and took my place beside Mr. Corbet in his comfortable carriage, which was to convey us to the city I had heard so much about, but never seen.

My reception by Mrs. Corbet and her daughters, was all I could have wished; they were kind, pleasant girls, who when visiting my father's beautiful country residence had always amused me very much by their extravagant delight at things that I was so accustomed to, that I had no idea of their producing any effect on others. They now took pleasure in witnessing my astonishment at the crowded streets, the splendid stores, and the many wonderful sights that a city presents to a person who has lived all their life in the country; but I soon wearied of the noise and confusion, and realized the truth of what my father once said, when pressed to let me go to their home with them, "My little girl would not be happy amid scenes so different to what she has always been accustomed." With all their kindness and attention, I was far from happy.

Mrs. Corbet was a very handsome woman, and her three daughters bid fair to be even better looking than their mother. The house was always full of company, and they all loved gaiety and cheerful society. But their father allowed no extravagance in their parties or dress; he was a sensible man, and had seen the folly of outshining neighbors and keeping up appearances beyond means. They were always handsomely dressed, their house was richly furnished, their table exceedingly well attended-to, and everything showed that comfort was studied more than display; yet to one brought up so quietly as I had been, the life of Mr. Corbet's family seemed one continued round of visiting, singing, driving, flirting and sleeping.

Before I had been there a week, I was almost ill, and having refused to go out any more, the girls spent the last few days at home with me, assisting in the hurried preparations making for my departure. I had no idea of how wealthy a man my dear father had been, our manner of living had been so simple and unostentatious; and it was with no small surprise that I heard Mr. Corbet, in explaining to my father's lawyer some trifling affair, in the course of his conversation name the amount of property bequeathed to me. I learnt at the same time that there were some restrictions laid on my future course, as I was forbidden to marry under eighteen, or without my guardian's consent. My father had put great confidence in his old friend, but it was not misplaced, and I had no reason in after life to accuse my guardian of any want of care in regard to the large property committed to his trust.

I was all ready the day before the vessel sailed, with all necessary accompaniments for a long sea voyage, not forgetting various wonderful remedies for sea-sickness, prescribed by the different kind friends who took an interest in my welfare; also a great variety of loose gowns, warm shawls, quilted silk hoods and fur-lined slippers, certainly more than I could have found any use for on anything shorter than an Australian voyage.

That evening I saw the captain for the first time, and felt not a little ashamed when my marine equipments were displayed for his admiration. There was an unmistakable smile on his expressive countenance, as each article was unfolded and laid by, making an enormous pile on the sofa, of silk, cashmere, cloth, fur and velvet. To add to my confusion, the old doctor, who had attended my parents, and known me from my infancy, was also present, and laughed long and loud at the confused medley presented by the inspection of the contents of a large box, marked "Medicine Chest," but which in reality contained the various wonderful remedies before mentioned, and on each one of which, to judge from the anxiety expressed by the donors for their safe transportation, my life, at least, depended. The doctor begged leave to add one more to my already too numerous bottles and boxes, and Captain Walters laughingly expressed his hopes of my not having time to wear more than one-fourth of the multitudinous cloaks and comforters prepared for me.

The next day, amid the kind wishes of my older friends, the kisses and tears of the young ladies, and a confusion of promises to write punctually and return soon, I bade farewell to my native land, and commenced my travels. My nurse was in high spirits; she was returning to the home she had left seventeen years before. It is true she had no relations to meet, but there were old friends and old scenes to revisit, which made her joyous at the thought of crossing the ocean, while I felt sad at parting with the only friends I knew in the world, and anticipated no great pleasure in the new ties I was on my way to form.

Of his brother, my father had never said but little, and that little had not expressed much regard or love between them. I knew that he had married a very fashionable lady, that they had several fashionable daughters, and an exceedingly fashionable son, whose letters I had heard my father criticise rather severely. I had always a dread of encountering strangers, and now I was on my way to meet a host. Certainly, the prospect did not raise my spirits, and as the first night at sea closed around us, I gave way to the sad feelings that oppressed my heart, and tears, the first I had shed that day, fell fast and silently into the dark water that I had stood looking at for several hours.

Mrs. Smith was already suffering from sea-sickness, and had retired for the night; the men were standing about, or sitting in groups, talking cheerily together. I felt lonely and desolate, and had with some difficulty choked down a very childish sob, when a gentle hand was laid upon my shoulder, and turning round, I met the kind, sympathizing gaze of Captain Walters, whose beautiful dark eyes were full of pity, and whose gentle voice expressed more than did his words, the compassion he felt for my loneliness. Drawing my hand through his arm, he commenced walking the deck, and soon got me deep into an interesting conversation on books and my favorite authors that effectually dispelled the gloomy thoughts for that night.

Our first ten days at sea were of unclouded beauty. I had no occasion to make use of my box of cures, and what with reading, writing and conversation, I found the time pass pleasantly enough. Captain Walters devoted every leisure hour to my amusement, and we regularly walked the deck every evening till ten o'clock, always conversing on some interesting subject, and always spending happy hours. I felt lonely when he left the cabin, and used to spend many an hour listening to his step overhead, or to the loud orders given to the men by that manly voice, that could take so sweet a tone when conversing with myself; my heart was full of gratitude towards him for the hourly acts of kindness I experienced; and when I saw how much pleasure my returning cheerfulness gave him, I always strove to meet him with smiles and pleasant words.

He had told me his whole history, and I felt no little curiosity to see the widowed mother and kind sister, that he evidently loved with a more than common affection. I learned that they were dependent on him for support, and it increased my regard for so dutiful and kind a son and brother.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORM.

The eleventh day of our voyage was wild and stormy. Several times I attempted to reach the deck in vain, and at last resigned myself to the cabin sofa in despair. I did not see Captain Walters until dinner time, and then he lost no time in hastening on deck again, and I was left alone to listen to the roaring of the wind through the rigging, the lashing of the waters, and the horrible confusion of sounds on deck, occasioned by taking in sail. The hours passed slowly, and by the increased motion of the vessel, I knew that the storm was increasing every instant. The cabin lamp swung violently from side to side, the black steward staggered round, arranging the displaced furniture. Poor Mrs. Smith had moaned and sobbed herself to sleep, and I laid clinging to the couch in my state-room, dreadfully frightened, but with every sense acutely alive to the dangers of our situation.

The want of some one to speak to had almost induced me to call out to the steward, when the captain's step on the cabin stairs sounded pleasantly to my ears, and in an instant he was by my side, kneeling before the sofa, with my arms clasped tightly round his neck, and my face hid in his bosom. Trembling with terror, I clung to him convulsively, imploring him not to leave me alone any more. Then, ashamed of my selfish fears, I drew back from his arms, and burying myself in the sofa pillows, wept bitterly, like a poor, frightened child as I was.

Smoothing back my hair, that now lay damp and disordered on the pillow, he whispered encouraging words and entreaties that I would not give way to such distressing excitement, until I dried my tears and promised not to do so again. Then bidding me go to sleep, promising to tell me if there was any danger, and with an earnest "God bless you," he left me, and hurried on deck.

How long I lay there after he left me, I never knew. My fears, if not dispelled, were calmed, and a dull, drowsy feeling oppressed me. I was fast losing the recollection of where I was and all around me, when I felt myself violently thrown to the floor. There was a tremendous crash—a rushing of water—then an instant's quiet; and then, above the storm, the sound of loud voices and the hurried tramping of many feet. The lamp was out, and as I felt the water rush over the carpet, the fearful thought that we were sinking overpowered me, and I lost all recollection.

When I recovered my senses, it was morning. I was on the deck, surrounded by a group of anxious faces, and supported in the arms of my poor, frightened nurse. My attempt to raise my head sent such a fearful pain quivering through my brain, that I closed my eyes and laid perfectly still, trying in vain to account for the state of affairs.

Some kind hand, that, even then, I felt sure was Captain Walters, wet with cold water, was applied to my throbbing temples; and when, after the pain was relieved, I again opened my eyes, his anxious gaze first met mine; but O, how changed! He looked deathly pale; his lips livid, like those of a corpse; his hair wet and disordered; his eyes, those beautiful eyes, where every feeling of his heart could be so plainly read, now expressed nothing but misery. I knew that something dreadful must have happened, and raising my hand signed to them to lift me up. My hand and sleeve were stained with blood, and as Mrs. Smith raised my head against her shoulder, the pressure of the bandages convinced me of what I had already suspected, that in my fall from the sofa, I had severely cut my head.

They would not answer any questions for the next three days; but when to satisfy my anxiety Captain Walters recounted the events of that fearful night, it was with such evident pain that my heart reproached me for my importunity. The heavy sea that struck our ship had washed off two of the men. One of them was saved by little less than a miracle, the other was never seen again. The deck was stripped of everything, the skylight dashed to pieces, and a flood of water poured into the cabin. My head had come in contact with the leg of a mahogany washstand, inflicting a severe wound, and leaving me insensible on the carpet, where I was found by the steward, bathed in blood, and apparently dead.

The untimely death of the lost sailor had driven all other thoughts out of the captain's mind, and it was with bitter self-reproach for his neglected charge, that he stooped over my insensible form, and assisted Mrs. Smith in her trembling endeavors to restore me to consciousness.

It was more than a week before I could move my head without assistance, and not until the last three days of our voyage that I could venture on the deck. But the time never seemed long; the captain was always by my side, assisting my feeble steps, smoothing disarranged cushions, reading some interesting story to beguile the time; or when feverish and irritable with the pain of my wounds I tossed restlessly on the sofa, refusing all Mrs. Smith's consolations and entreaties to go to my berth and try to sleep, he would come and seat himself quietly by my side, place my poor, aching head gently on his breast, and supported by those strong arms, and calmed and a little awed by that stronger will, I would gradually forget my pain and ill temper, and find the rest so needful after my dangerous illness; then resigning me to the care of my kind, old nurse, he would return to the deck, or resume the study of his charts.

After the storm, the voyage progressed favorably enough, and the day arrived at last when the news was announced that on the morrow we should see the long-expected land. To me this was anything but pleasant news, and I almost trembled at the thought of so soon giving up the happy days I was now passing, to mingle with strangers, and in scenes alike foreign to my tastes and habits. The peaceful sameness of our ocean life had a peculiar charm for me, so like was it to the days when I used to sit in the quiet little study and listen to my father reading aloud, or leaning my head on my mother's lap tell her all the beautiful things I had seen in our morning ride; and if my attachment to Captain Walters was not exactly a filial one, it was the innocent, confiding regard of a childish heart, grateful for kindness, and anxious to please the bestower.

The idea of parting with him gave me unmingled pain. All that last day I kept by myself, mourning over my approaching separation from my kind friend, and making myself miserable by anticipating all manner of sad events happening to me in the strange land I was now so rapidly approaching. I had persuaded Mrs. Smith to leave me alone, as the best cure for a headache, and with my head leaning on my folded arms, and resting on the table (a favorite position of mine when out of humor), was very quietly weeping over my coming trials, when the well known footstep warned me of who was approaching, and before I could make my escape, my hands were removed from before my face, displaying my tear-stained cheeks and swollen eyes. I begged him to let me go, but leading me to a seat, he proceeded to remonstrate with me on the danger of giving way to such excitement in my present weak state, and at the same time expressing a wish to know the cause of my tears. I told him all my dread of meeting my strange relations, what a terror I had of fashionable people, and how much I regretted ever consenting to cross the ocean.

He looked pained as I said that, and answered, with a sad expression on his face, "that he regretted it himself, since it had led to so much pain and unhappiness on my part."

I eagerly undeceived him, for it hurt me to think he believed me ungrateful for all his kindness, assuring him again and again that the hours I had spent in his society were the happiest I had seen since my father died; that I should never forget him, and hoped he would always remember me, and come to see me; and at the sad thought, my tears flowed afresh.

"Is it possible that this parting grieves you too, my little Lillie? Don't cry, darling, we will not forget each other."

CHAPTER III.

MY COUSINS.

My uncle, Edwin Palmer, Esq., was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, exceedingly fond of the good things of this world, and also of the yellow dust, by which such things are acquired—to which latter weakness of his, I afterwards had reason to believe I owed the very warm reception I met with, at Palmer Lodge. His wife I disliked from the first hour I was in her company; her fawning manners disgusted me, and the ridiculous extravagance of her style of dress seemed quite out of place on the first meeting with her orphan niece, whose deep mourning and pale face must have offered a strange contrast to her own shining satin robes, and highly rouged cheeks.

My cousins were all older than myself—John, the eldest, being near twenty-five; a handsome young man, dressed with great care, and having an intolerably conceited expression on his fine features. The three young ladies were like their mother, very large and very showy, all dressed very splendidly, but with little regard to good taste. I should have felt my own small self quite insignificant among them, had such a thing been possible; but with the ostentatious show of deference paid to me by all hands, such humility would have been quite unnecessary, and in fact, out of the question.

I was duly installed mistress of two gaily-furnished rooms, and repeatedly charged by my aunt to make known anything that did not please me. I could, with a clear conscience, have told her that scarcely anything pleased me; but politeness forbade, and I hurriedly expressed the gratitude I really felt, for the evident expense and pains lavished on my wonderfully-gay apartments.

Captain Walters came to see me the evening before he sailed. There had been some gentlemen to dinner, and to gratify my aunt I had taken unusual pains with my toilet, arranging my hair in heavy curls round my shoulders, and wearing a rich black velvet dress, trimmed with heavy folds of crape. They had all complimented me on my improving good looks, and my uncle prophesied that the climate of England would soon bring roses to my pale cheeks.

Captain Walters started when I came forward to greet him, and I fancied I detected a slight coldness in his voice, every tone of which I was so familiar with. After conversing with my relations for a few minutes, he expressed a wish to see me alone for a short time, as his stay was limited, and he had something particular to say. We immediately proceeded to my sitting-room, where he informed me of his intended departure on the morrow, and his readiness to convey any letters I might wish to send home.

I was grieved at his sudden departure, but more so at his evident coolness. He no longer treated me as a child, and the familiar "Lillie" was changed to the formal "Miss Palmer." After half an hour's uncomfortable conversation, he rose to leave; but when it came to the last "good-by," my fortitude forsook me, and I burst into tears. Then the cloud passed from his brow, and catching me in his arms, he exclaimed:

"Lillie, dear Lillie, do you indeed love me?"

Then seating himself, with his arms still round me, he said:

"I believe you do love me; but, Lillie, you are very young, my child. You feel for me as you would a brother, or any other dear relation, and precious as that love is, I must not deceive myself, nor take advantage of your inexperience to ask a promise, which you might afterwards repent of having given. You are rich and very beautiful, my little Lillie, and many will seek to win this fair hand, but if at the end of a year you return to us with your heart still your own, then, with your guardian's permission, I shall strive to win the priceless treasure of your love. And now, dearest, we must part. Remember me in your prayers, and may God bless and protect you."

The first warm kiss on my cheek—the last, close pressure to his heart—one farewell clasp of his hand—and he was gone!

Of my life at my uncle's, it is not my intention to give any very lengthy description, suffice it that I soon saw through their plans, and found to my great discomfort that the over-display of submission to my will and wishes, only lasted as long as those wishes agreed with their own. I was never allowed to be alone for an hour; the fear that I should be lonely being my aunt's excuse for keeping one of her daughters continually in my room, and the pleasure of my walks or rides was constantly destroyed by the officious attendance of my cousin John.

I had not liked the young man from the first; and as I learned to read his selfish, unprincipled and conceited character, I positively hated him, treating him with the greatest coolness, and avoiding his company whenever an opportunity afforded. I accidentally became acquainted with a chapter in his life, reflecting disgrace, both on himself and his father.

It was a sad story of love and treachery. The victim, a poor village girl, betrayed by the son, and driven from the parish by the father, to die homeless, forsaken and disgraced, leaving her broken-hearted parents to weep over the wretched fate of their once lovely and innocent child. I never thought of that poor girl without a shudder of dislike and horror for the cruel, heartless cause of so much horror and misery; and my feeling may be better imagined than described, when I discovered that in this unprincipled deceiver, my relations had decided I was to behold my future husband.

This plan I found out had long been the darling scheme of my uncle's ambition, and on the death of my parents, he looked upon it as a settled thing; hence the invitation to me, and the flattering display of kindness and attention on my first arrival; and likewise the watchful guard kept over me on their making the discovery that I did not appreciate the attentions of my cousin as their disinterestedness merited; and also that, when occasion required, I could exercise considerable will of my own.

Six months passed away, and I had received but one letter from my guardian. It had announced the arrival of Captain Walters, and his intended departure for a distant port, whence he would not return for many months. He desired my guardian to present his kind remembrances, and many wishes for my health and happiness, all of which bequests he faithfully complied with, adding some highly flattering comments on the character and conduct of the young commander. This letter I had read over and over again, vainly expecting another in answer to my own, and in which I asked my guardian to allow me to return sooner than had been decided on; but the long months passed, and I wrote several other epistles to the different members of Mr. Corbet's family, to not one of which did I receive an answer.

Among the numerous visitors at our house was a young Lewis, a son of Mrs. Palmer's eldest brother. He was a pleasant young man, quiet and reserved in his manners; and to escape from the disagreeable companionship of his cousin John, I frequently accepted the modestly offered services of the unpresuming Charles Lewis, as an escort in my frequent excursions round the beautiful country where we lived. He suited me exactly as a companion, speaking but seldom, and allowing me to indulge my favorite amusement of castle building in uninterrupted silence.

That he had a sincere friendship for me his whole conduct showed, and I had never doubted; but what was my astonishment, one day, to hear my usually calm and reserved cavalier make a passionate declaration of love for my unworthy self, and with startling energy proclaim the unwelcome news that on me depended his future happiness or misery. I never could recollect what answer I made him, but it was something so confused and incoherent, that, despairing of another opportunity to see me alone, he solicited my uncle's interest in his behalf, and listened with astonishment and sorrow to that gentleman's well-fabricated falsehood of an engagement between myself and his son.

Hastily closing a conversation that had so suddenly crushed all his hopes, he left the house, and in a letter, that confirmed all my previous opinions of his goodness and kindness of heart, asked pardon for the distress his haste had occasioned me; earnest pleasantness might be t begged to be ranked in t devoted friends; and fi much happiness in the co his cousin, that my uncle informed him of.

On reading this letter, upbraid them all for their thoughts are best, and Charles by the same kin the bearer of his letter, fo gratefully accepting his most positively denying at the same time I made that by doing so I meant ment to his own hopes sorrow and anxiety at t swer to the number of l guardian and his family.

From this time I was in my uncle's house, and tunity of communicating people, whose acquaint my arrival. I still co but when the year app pired, and another month self up to despair, think by my friends.

My uncle came to n nounce the arrival of a l O, how earnestly I begg read it, overjoyed to thi which fact I had late doubts. He would not that it was Mr. Corbet's main in England soothe should accept my cousi him through his father.

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My excessive grief a of my accustomed exe lent sickness that alarm caused the hasty marr had been started from I recovered, but slowly own wishes—so little me now. I scarcely e of the family, but sp over the past, and ima ters must have felt on forgotten him; alway by my own, I pictured bent over me when I l and at the thought o sorrow, I would bury pray to have my troub

I had ventured out leaning on my nurse' down the path, wh startled me, and ther me, was Captain W. With a half crazy ex into Richard's outstr laughed alternately, for my senses. But case was a great reste ask many questions, quiries, informed me owing to a letter re who suspected foul his interference to be

My uncle, seeing plans, made no objec as my strength was mit me to travel; an from there to Scotlan amid its beautiful London, took up o cousin of my mother had living, who we cordiality, and almo ters sharing his h this kind relation a most touching kind of love. They insi celebrated at their necessary preparatio that both surprised a won Captain Walte

My cousin was a tablishment, where he had risen to the er's confidence, and handsome salary. esty woman, who in her large heart, busied herself about interest with untiring

I soon loved the long talked-of day last embrace, and I could scarcely bar with my own moth eighteenth birthday dawn giving me aw of my kind relation groomsman.

If ever joy shone in a manly voice clasped me to his wife, my own dear scarcely realize the few short months

occasioned me; earnestly hoped that all unpleasantness might be forgotten and forgiven; begged to be ranked in the number of my most devoted friends; and finished by wishing me much happiness in the contemplated union with his cousin, that my uncle had so unexpectedly informed him of.

On reading this letter, my first impulse was to upbraid them all for their treachery, but second thoughts are best, and I sent an answer to Charles by the same kind sister who had been the bearer of his letter, freely forgiving the past, gratefully accepting his offers of friendship, and most positively denying my uncle's statement; at the same time I made him clearly understand that by doing so I meant to give no encouragement to his own hopes. I also expressed my sorrow and anxiety at never receiving any answer to the number of letters I had sent to my guardian and his family.

From this time I was kept almost a prisoner in my uncle's house, and never had an opportunity of communicating with any of the young people, whose acquaintances I had made since my arrival. I still continued writing home; but when the year appointed for my stay expired, and another month followed it, I gave myself up to despair, thinking that I was forgotten by my friends.

My uncle came to me one morning, to announce the arrival of a letter from my guardian. O, how earnestly I begged him to allow me to read it, overjoyed to think he was still alive—of which fact I had lately entertained serious doubts. He would not do so, but informed me that it was Mr. Corbet's wish that I might remain in England another year, and also that I should accept my cousin's proposals, made to him through his father.

I felt convinced that this was not true, and not only told him so, but accused him of spreading a false report previously, of my engagement to his son, whom I resolutely expressed my determination never to marry.

On learning that I was so well acquainted with his plans, my uncle no longer concealed his purposes, but openly declared that I was in his power; that not one of my letters had ever reached America, or ever should, and that my guardian both believed in and consented to my engagement to my cousin.

To describe my feelings on hearing this distressing intelligence, would be impossible. I was helpless, and felt entangled and bewildered in the deceitful meshes cast around me. To my remonstrances against such outrageous injustice, his answer was that I was a silly child, who did not know what was best for myself; that he was doing his duty to put it out of my power to squander his brother's wealth on some miserable adventurer, and expressed his conviction that at some future day I would thank him for his kindness.

My excessive grief and despair, with the want of my accustomed exercise, brought on a violent sickness that alarmed the whole family, and caused the hasty summons of Mrs. Smith, who had been parted from me for several months. I recovered, but slowly, and almost against my own wishes—so little joy had life in prospect for me now. I scarcely ever spoke to the members of the family, but spent my time in thinking over the past, and imagining how Richard Walters must have felt on hearing how soon I had forgotten him; always judging of his feelings by my own, I pictured his despairing look as he bent over me when I lay insensible on the deck; and at the thought of again causing him such sorrow, I would bury my face in the pillows, and pray to have my troubles removed.

I had ventured out into the garden one day, leaning on my nurse's arm, and feebly walking down the path, when her loud exclamation startled me, and there, coming hastily towards us, was Captain Walters and my guardian! With a half crazy exclamation of joy, I sprung into Richard's outstretched arms, and cried and laughed alternately, until they had serious fears for my senses. But joy seldom kills, and in my case was a great restorer. My guardian did not ask many questions, and in answer to my inquiries, informed me that his sudden arrival was owing to a letter received from young Lewis, who suspected foul play, but who did not wish his interference to be known.

My uncle, seeing the complete failure of his plans, made no objections to my leaving as soon as my strength was sufficiently recruited to permit me to travel; and we went to London, and from there to Scotland, spending several months amid its beautiful scenery; and returning to London, took up our abode at the house of a cousin of my mother's, the nearest relation she had living, who welcomed us with unfeigned cordiality, and almost insisted on Captain Walters sharing his hospitality likewise. From this kind relation and his family I received the most touching kindness and unmistakable proofs of love. They insisted on my marriage being celebrated at their house, and entered into the necessary preparations with a zeal and good will that both surprised and pleased Mr. Corbet, and won Captain Walters's heart.

My cousin was a clerk in a large banking establishment, where, from his known integrity, he had risen to the highest place in his employer's confidence, and was the recipient of a very handsome salary. His wife was a kind, motherly woman, who very readily gave me a place in her large heart, and watched over me, and busied herself about my comforts and conveniences with untiring devotion.

I soon loved them all, and when at last the long-talked-of day arrived, and I received her last embrace, and felt her tears on my cheek, I could scarcely have felt more sorrow at parting with my own mother. On the morning of my eighteenth birthday we were married, my guardian giving me away, and the son and daughter of my kind relations being our bridesmaid and groomsman.

If ever joy shone in bright eyes, or sounded in a manly voice, it was in Richard's as he clasped me in his arms, and whispered, "My wife, my own dear wife!" For myself, I could scarcely realize that I was the same girl, who, a few short months before, was so wretched and unhappy; then, all looked dark and despairing; now, the future was brightened by the prospect of a life-long companionship with him who merited my deepest, warmest affection.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME AGAIN.

Of our homeward voyage I need say but little. It was pleasant and very short—so short that I could scarcely believe that thousands of miles of ocean lay between me and the familiar scenes in which I had so lately been an actor. I returned to my native land a young, rich, happy bride, surrounded and welcomed by kind friends, and the almost idolized wife of the best of husbands. My noble husband, how I loved him! How proud I was when listening to his praises from the lips of his numerous friends; how my heart swelled with the thought that I had made him rich and independent; that on me centered all his hopes and happiness. Alas for my vanity and pride! In my hour of rejoicing, I forgot the kind Providence that had bestowed such various blessings, and returned no thanks to Him who had filled my cup of happiness to overflowing.

I found my husband's mother all that his praises had led me to expect. Like him, she was gentle and kind, but with a sort of loving command in her voice and manner that compelled me to acknowledge her better judgment in various disputed matters that I wanted to arrange after my own fashion, and she disapproved of. That she would come and live with us, was something that I had never doubted, and my astonishment was only equalled by my disappointment, at her decided though grateful refusal.

I could not very readily give up my arguments; but they availed nothing, and the only cloud that darkened the sunshine of my happy return to my childhood's home, was the thought of how lonely my husband's mother and sister would now be, without husband or brother to cheer their quiet home.

Emma Walters was very pretty, with her bright eyes and luxuriant curls; a merry, light-hearted, innocent girl, who had never known a sorrow but seeing her brother depart on his different voyages, and who welcomed me with a warmth that immediately gave her the sister's place in my heart. Her presence would have added greatly to my happiness in our home, but I had to submit to what neither my own nor Richard's persuasions could change. For two months my life was like a pleasant dream—calm and delightful. Together we walked, rode, or sat in the favorite old study, and read and conversed on the many strange and interesting events that had occurred in our short lives.

It was a lovely June evening. All nature looked fresh and beautiful, and not a sound disturbed the calm silence. My pet rose had opened some of its beautiful buds, and their fragrance filled the air with sweetness. We had returned from a long ramble through the woods, and wearied with my exertions, I had placed myself in my favorite position, reclining on the old sofa—that I never would have removed from the study,—and with my head resting on my husband's arms, was enjoying the perfect stillness around me, when I was startled by his telling me he had some unpleasant news to communicate. To my eager questions he answered by putting a letter into my hand, that a hasty perusal of was sufficient to convince me surpassed my worst fears.

That my husband should ever go to sea again was something that had never crossed my mind, and it was some time before I could listen to his explanations, or heed his entreaties to be composed, so great was my agitation and distress at learning that he was not only going away, but on a long voyage; and worse than all, to leave in a very few days.

When I could listen to reason, he gave me a full explanation of the motives that induced him to leave our happy home to brave the dangers of a long voyage and an unhealthy climate; and if not convinced, I was obliged to be satisfied, as I well knew that what he thought was right, no arguments of mine would induce him to depart from.

"I cannot live dependent on your bounty, my dear wife, nor can I see my mother want for those comforts that my exertions have always provided her with. I did not speak of my intention before, as it was useless to cloud your happiness with the anticipation of evil. And now, when my heart is sad at the thoughts of our separation, my darling, you will not add to my distress by indulging in useless lamentations, and giving way to grief so injurious to us both."

The few days that preceded his departure, passed quickly away in the hurried preparations we were obliged to make. To ease his mind, I wore an appearance of cheerfulness, greatly at variance with my own feelings, and sought, by busying myself in wifely cares for his wardrobe, and the selection of new and amusing stories for his leisure hours, to drown the oppressive sense of my unhappiness, that at times threatened to overwhelm me. I knew he suffered, too, by the deathly paleness that had taken the place of his usual healthy complexion, the lost appetite, and the restless, sleepless nights.

I went with him to the city; accompanied the party on board to see him off; heard them bidding him farewell; received his last fond words, his last embrace, his parting kiss; and all without a tear to relieve my misery or relieve my aching head and heart. I watched the vessel leave the wharf, and with her white sails spread, slowly disappear from my sight; and then, insensible, was borne to the waiting carriage, and conveyed to the house of my kind friend and late guardian.

Many days passed before I knew where I was; but as soon as strength returned, I insisted on being taken home—to that desolate home, lately so bright and cheerful, now all lonely and silent, where everything reminded me of the departed hours, and the loved one now far away.

His mother and sister had consented to stay with me during his absence, and I found their society a great comfort, as well as a help in relieving my mind from the charge of household affairs and the necessary superintendence of the gardeners, and other persons employed on the place, for all which care my mind was now quite unfitted.

The summer months dragged slowly along, and I received no tidings of my husband. Mr. Corbet at first came frequently to see me, but I fancied that he made each visit shorter, and after the first week in August, I saw him no more. I never spoke my fears to Richard's mother, but I knew by her anxious looks and redoubled kindness, that she read my thoughts and shared my anxieties. There was a strong sympathy between us, and I felt almost as much for her trouble as my own. A cloud seemed to hang over our cheerfulness, and even poor Emma could not indulge her usual propensity to make mirth—all was dull and serious.

The blow came at last! A package of papers and a letter from Mr. Corbet; the disconnected sentences and tremulous writing betrayed the state of mind of my kind and sympathizing friend. I read the communication without any clear understanding of the truth, and like a person bewildered. The papers reported the loss of my husband's ship by fire, the arrival of some of the crew, and their statement of belief that none but themselves escaped from the burning vessel. They had taken a boat on the first alarm, and after spending a day and a night on the wide ocean in their frail bark, had been picked up by an English ship, and taken to Liverpool; thence they had gone to the West Indies, and now, after four months' absence, had returned to where they started from, to confirm the already more than suspected loss of the ill-fated vessel and her crew.

There was a kind of hope held out to the despairing friends that the unfortunate crew might have been rescued by some passing vessel, or even followed the example of their cowardly shipmates, and taken to the boats, in which case they might still be among the living; but it was too frail to cling to long, and slowly the conviction took possession of my mind that I was once more alone in the world.

Autumn passed, and winter came with its cold and snow; when all around was bleak, cold and desolate, Heaven sent me a precious babe, a sacred charge, to once more fill my heart with love and hope.

The anniversary of my wedding came at last. I had dreaded it, and Emma and her mother, knowing my feelings, exerted themselves to divert my mind from the contemplation of the past, and direct them to present blessings. For several weeks Emma had been very closely shut up in her room, and the result of all this secrecy was a richly-embroidered dress for her babyniece, which had been left until this mournful day. She was kneeling before me, holding the infant in her arms, when the door was thrown open, and Mr. Corbet entered, followed by a stranger. One glance at the face of my old friend made my heart give a painful leap. I could only hold out my hands and grasp his. That he was the bearer of good tidings his joyful countenance betrayed, and I waited patiently for words to confirm the assurance that my husband was safe.

The words were spoken at last; and to my eager "Where is he?" the well-known voice of my husband exclaimed, "Here, my wife!" and clasped in his arms I forgot everything but that he was alive and with me again. In the joyous welcoming that followed, my child was forgotten. Turning at last to place her in her father's arms, I found her in those of the stranger, who presenting her to Richard, grasped my hand with hearty warmth, and in whom I recognized my old friend, Charles Lewis.

I shall never forget my husband's look, as he pressed his child to his breast; nor my own feelings as I saw my babe in her father's arms; her little, soft, white cheek so strangely contrasting with his sun-browned countenance, and her long, white robes flowing over the large, rough sleeve of his sailor-like overcoat.

We were a pleasant-looking party as we gathered round the blazing fire that cold March evening, and talked over the events of the last eight months. My husband had a sad tale to tell of trouble and anxiety. He had written to the owners and myself several times, not one of which letters had ever reached its destination. He had met with Lewis when sick and almost in despair, and from him received the kindness and attention of the fondest brother, and Richard's voice trembled with emotion as he spoke of all Charles had done to restore him to his family. There were many tears shed, and many silent thanksgivings as we listened to his painful story, and it was with humble, deeply-touched hearts that we all knelt together that happy night, and joined in his solemn offering of grateful prayer and praise, rendered to that merciful Providence, whose protecting hand had guarded and sustained, and finally restored him to his manifold blessings.

Ten years have passed since the events I have here recorded took place—ten happy years, not free from care, and even sorrow, but not the less happy from the remembrances of the past.

THE CORMORANT.

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.—*Shakspeare.*

Smith. How his mouth runs o'er!
Furnace. I'll make it run and run.
Save your good worship!
Greedy. Honest master cook, thy hand; again:
Are the good dishes still in being? Speak, boy.
New Way to Pay Old Debts.

The period of our story is the 19th century, the exact time we are unable to fix, but it was within six years that the occurrences we are about to relate happened. The scene fluctuates between our sister town of Charlestown and the White Mountains. The materials are drawn from life, and our authority shall be forthcoming if we or the respectable editor be threatened with a libel. From these preliminaries it will be seen that we propose writing a local historical novel in one column.

It was then in the year 18—, on the — day of the month of —— (nothing hooks so imposing and mysterious as blanks or asterisks), that a thin, pale gentleman, of middle age, attired in a Mexican hat, a gray frock, sage green pantaloons, and gaiter-shoes, might have been seen (excuse the plagiarism, Mr. James,) directing his steps to the boarding-house of Mr. Peter Pickeril, a worthy gentleman of Charlestown, whose principal amusement consisted in taking gentlemen to nurture and to shelter at the moderate ransom of three and a half dollars per week. Mr. P. P. averred that he took these single gentlemen "for company," provisions being so high that it was impossible for him to make the "fust red" out of them. There are many such philanthropic gentlemen in this world, in spite of all that misanthropes have written about its heartlessness and want of charity. Mr. P. P. always required his boarders to pay each week in advance, a regulation which, considering he was, to use his own language, "livin' money by 'em just as fast as he could lose it," was perfectly proper and unobjectionable. This friend of humanity might be seen (James again) at the market in the square every morning purveying for the accommodation of his company. He was wont to buy edge-bones a "leetle on the turn," turkeys during the prevalence of a thaw, and sausages composed by amateur butchers in fits of inspiration during the public law. That his boarders might be robust, he bought the very strongest kind of butter—in fact, all his purchases were regulated by philosophy and liberality. A decided friend of temperance, Mr. Pickeril introduced water into his milk-jugs with an enthusiasm which was apostolic.

To the residence of this gentleman the thin, pale individual before alluded to directed his steps. He stood before the front door with a resolute countenance—he pulled the bell-handle with a graceful and manly determination. The door was opened by a maid of Erin, one of those lovely hours so extensively domesticated in our terrestrial paradises, whose charms give vigor to the arms, and valor to the hearts of the brave sons of the Emerald Isle.

To the pale, thin gentleman's demand, this maid of Erin then replied that both "the master and the mistress were at home." Whereupon she descended to the lower regions, leaving the inquirer to find his way into the *domus sortatis* of the Pickerils. This he accomplished, and found himself in the drawing-room, which was elegantly furnished with pine chairs and tables, painted, by an amateur, in imitation of bird's eye maple, having a lithograph of the battle of Bunker Hill over the mantel-piece, and a worsted lap-dog over the fire-place. Mr. Pickeril was shelling green peas in a cullender, and Mrs. P. was picking an attenuated fowl, dropping the feathers into a work-basket. She was a grand style of woman, in a faded black bombazine gown, with lace mits, and the sort of whitey-yellow turban peculiar to ladies of her profession.

The pale, thin gentleman mentioned his name: (a rather singular one, by the way,) Mr. Hydrarchos. He mentioned his business; he had seen Mr. Pickeril's standing advertisement—"a few more single gentlemen can obtain board in a quiet private family, etc.," and he requested to know whether he could be admitted, and what were the terms.

Mrs. Pickeril sweetly smiled assent. Mr. P. made use of the expression "three dollars and a half."

The pale, thin gentleman thought the demand reasonable. Mr. P. added "payable in advance."

The pale, thin gentleman laid a three dollar bill, a silver quarter, three fourpence ha' pennies and six cents upon the work-table.

Mrs. P. smiled very agreeably, showing her gold-filled upper and under teeth. The bargain was concluded. Mr. Hydrarchos was an inmate.

Mr. H. lamented that his health was poor, that he was compelled to be very careful of his stomach—that dyspepsia was hereditary in his family—that he was subject to ill turns; and then took his leave with a promise to drop in with his trunk and carpet-bag a little before dinner.

The dinner-hour was two. Mr. Hydrarchos came a quarter before, and took his seat before the vibration of the second bell had died upon the ear. Helped first, as a courtesy due to the "newest gentleman," he began to eat the moment he was helped. The viands disappeared from his plate with wonderful celerity. Even the maid of Erin, who, besides cooking the dinner, waited on the table, was astonished at his performance. Mr. Pickeril attempted a diversion in favor of his larder by engaging his guest in conversation, but Mr. Hydrarchos, being above the low and vulgar prejudice which censures speaking with one's mouth full as an intolerable solecism, not only answered with his mouth full, but without intermitting the process of mastication. He lamented that his ill health prevented his doing justice to the generous fare before him, while he extended his plate with one hand to Mr. P. for another slice of the roast, and with the other emptied the bread-plate as fast as filled.

"You've eat nothing, Mr. Hydrarchos," said the lady of the house with ironical emphasis.

"No, ma'am, no—" said the pale, thin gentleman—" the coats of my stomach—munch—munch—munch—are all—munch—gone. But if you had seen me—munch—a little more gravy, if you please ma'am, and I'll trouble you for another brace of those potatoes—munch—when I was a young man—munch—munch—you wouldn't wonder that I'm reduced to this."

Puddings, pie, custard, apples, nuts, disappeared before the cormorant, "like snaw when it's thaw," and Mr. Peter Pickeril ruefully reckoned that at one meal the new boarder had consumed his advance.

During the dessert he asked many questions about tea—what time they took tea—what they were going to have for tea—and "of course they kept the supper-table standing in the evening." He was punctual to the tea-hour and invaded the muffins with singular ferocity. Being informed that no supper table was set, but that he would find something in the china-closet, he promised to "look in there in the course of the evening," and he redeemed his pledge. When Mrs. Pickeril paid that place a visit, which she always did the last thing before going to bed, to count and lock up the silver spoons and take a drink out of the snout of the tea-pot, she missed a loaf of bread, two pies, all the pound cake out of a stone jar, half a dozen eggs, a paper of raisins, and two nutmegs. This was not all; the maid of Erin heard a stealthy step upon the staircase at half-past twelve, and looking through the key hole of her door, saw Hydrarchos regaining his room with a bone of beef that was intended for the brown soup the next day. The room of the new boarder being searched the next day, the towel was found covered with grease, and the bone, carefully picked and polished, was subsequently detected in the tube of an old boot erected in the chimney corner behind the fire-board.

Mr. and Mrs. Pickeril groaned in spirit. They essayed every means in their power to get rid of the unprofitable boarder, but in vain. He was not to be affronted; he was not to be dismissed. He was as punctual in his payments as in his attendance at table. At last Mr. Pickeril failed, compounded with his creditors, by paying ten cents on the dollar, and went to California. Mrs. Pickeril set up a milliner's shop, and amused herself by making turbans exactly similar to those she had worn at the head of her table in the palmy days of "single gentlemen," before the baleful advent of Hydrarchos. The latter gentleman, after insinuating himself, in different disguises, and under feigned names, into several boarding-houses, all of which failed in the course of a few months, went to the White Mountains, and engaged board for the season at six dollars a week, as he came before the rush of company.

The moment he left, the price of provisions in Charlestown fell forty-five per cent., and the threatened famine that had hung over the land was averted. The dearth passed northward in a streak like the Asiatic cholera. The stores laid in at the Notch for the accommodation of summer visitors, disappeared with appalling celerity. Still Hydrarchos was complaining of being very poorly, lamenting that the mountain air could not agree with him, and wondering what he was coming to. His ascent of Mount Washington was described as being one of the most extraordinary expeditions that ever set forth. Hydrarchos and the guides were loaded down with well filled haversacks of viands, and two led horses were burdened with comestibles for the day's journey. Yet Hydrarchos came back famished, and the "little bit" he picked, completely emptied Crawford's larder.

Transient board in the mountain region went up to five dollars a day, and at that price visitors complained of being placed on short allowance.

It was suggested to Crawford that the unprofitable boarder suffered from a tape-worm.

"Suffers from a tape-worm!" cried mine host in a voice of thunder. "Jerusalem! he's troubled with an anaconda."

At length the cormorant was tempted, by a liberal offer, to abandon the highlands, and once more set his face to the South. His progress was marked by the same destruction which had distinguished his ascent—the same difficulty of subsisting, and the same inflation of prices. With the bribes he received from various landlords, he at last shipped for California. Heaven help the passengers upon the voyage! and Heaven help El Dorado when he gets there. The moment he arrives, we are promised advices from "Corinthian Tom," and if any thingworth noticing happens during his sojourn on the Pacific, we shall be sure to receive it in advance of the mail. We are sadly afraid that some indignant hotel-keeper in Alta California, will ascertain by a bowie-knife operation the secret of his unrighteous appetite, and unearth the "anaconda" for the benefit of science.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

CLOSE OF A SUMMER'S DAY.

BY WILLIAM ROSCRICK LAWRENCE.

Swift speeds the cool and crystal stream
Between high mossy banks of green;
Entrancing as a fairy dream,
Expanded lays the lovely scene;
The sky above is clear and bright,
And softly sheds a rosy light
On earth, and stream, and flower;
How beautiful the shadows play
Along the ground at close of day,
Through sunset's golden hour.
Enchanting is a scene like this,
So fraught with loveliness and bliss!

Winds murmur through the quivering leaves
Which form a canopy above,
Where dark rich foliage interweaves
And forms the grateful shade we love;
The golden arrows of the sun—
Whose daily course is nearly run—
Dart through the forest boughs:
Touching the distant herds and flocks,
Soft floating clouds, high towering rocks,
And groups of sheep and cows.
The shadows creep o'er hill and glade,
And deepen into twilight shade.

The swallow soon is on the wing,
Intently searching for her food;
The cheerful crickets gaily sing
Upon the borders of the wood;
The katydids from treetop high
Call to each other and reply,
Disputing evermore:
While clustering flowers in richest bloom,
Kissed by soft zephyrs mid the gloom,
Their sweetest fragrance pour.
Such fairy spells doth nature weave
Around us on a summer's eve!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER,

—AND—

HOW MR. NOTTLEBY GOT RID OF HIM.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Mr. John Nottleby had been married just five years, and during that time he had enjoyed a great deal of domestic bliss, for John had found a very good wife in Susan Perkins. She was a neat, tidy, bustling woman, full of spirit and affection, and very fond of her husband. While she had been Susan Perkins, John looked in vain for a blemish in her character or disposition; but when she became Mrs. Susan Nottleby, she began to betray a symptom which John had never before noticed. Simply, she was very apt to be jealous. To be sure, before marriage, Susan had suffered some half dozen crying spells because her lover had been very attentive to other feminines; but then he was pleased with that, for it proved how fondly Susan loved him, and, he thought, how fearful she was of losing him. "But," he said to himself, "after we are married, then she'll be sure of me, and such little things wont be noticed." But, alas, he was mistaken.

It happened very unfortunately for John that he was a handsome man, and very fond of company, and living in the very town where he was born and bronght up, it was impossible for him to move along the pathway, even of married life, without some friendly familiarity with the good-natured females of his acquaintance. If he stopped in the street to converse even a minute with one of his old feminine school-mates, and Mrs. Nottleby could find it out, she was sure to catechise him closely; and it most generally wound off with a sardonic laugh on John's part, and a real good cry on Susan's.

John argued and argued in vain, for his protestations were not believed, and matters became worse instead of better. One evening Mabel Brown called and took tea with Susan, and remained until quite late. Mabel was a pretty, laughter-loving girl, and poor John had, unfortunately for him, often spoken of her beauty and gentleness. The clock struck ten before Mabel arose to depart. John went to the door, and found that great, black clouds had spread themselves all over the heavens, and that consequently it was very dark. Of course he could not think of such a thing as allowing Mabel to go home alone, and he offered to accompany her. He met his wife's fierce admonitory look, but he took little notice of it. Mabel laughed and joked in high glee at the idea, and, even after she and her escort had reached the street, Mrs. Nottleby could hear her tongue running "like a mill-clapper," as she termed it.

Mr. Brown's house was not a great distance off, and John mbant to hurry right home; but when he reached the place, he found the old gentleman up, and he was asked to walk in.

"Guess not."

"Who's that?" cried Mr. Brown from the sitting-room. "Ah—it you, is it?" he added, hurrying into the hall. "Just the man I wanted to see. Come in a moment."

"But—"

"No *buts* now, Nottleby, but come in, for I have business."

So John went in, and Mabel sat down close by.

Now John Nottleby was a house-painter by trade, and Brown wanted his house painted as soon as possible. John agreed to do it the next week, if the weather was favorable; and the next thing was to ascertain the amount of materials required.

"I'm going to town, to morrow," said Brown, "and must get my paints, and how much must I have? I had intended to call in and see you in the morning, but this will save me all that trouble."

So Mr. Brown made an estimate of something near the amount of surface he had to paint, and then Nottleby estimated the amount of white lead, oil, and other matters that would be wanted. All this took up time—over half an hour—and when John reached his house, he was thinking of the profitable job he had just engaged. But his thoughts were turned into another channel ere long. He found his wife waiting for him.

"Well," she uttered, in tones something like the snapping of a frosty nail, "you're done it now, haven't you?"

"Eh!" returned John. "Done what?"

"Done what? And you don't know what you're done! O, John Nottleby, you'll kill me! You are breaking my heart by inches!"

"For mercy's sake, Susan, tell me what has happened now. What *have* I done?"

"What? O, wretch! wretch! Where have you been this last hour?"

"At Mr. Brown's."

"O, and you don't blush to tell it. Misery! Misery!"

"Why, Susan Nottleby, what *has* possessed you? I've been doing some business with Mr. Brown."

"Can you look me in the face and tell me that?"

"Why, it's so. I've engaged to paint his house."

"You have! You engaged to paint Mr. Brown's house?"

"I have."

"And you'll be near your *dear* Mabel now! O! O! O!"

"O, you're jealous, are you? You think I am in love now, with Mabel Brown?"

"I know it, sir! I know it! O! O! O!"

"There—I'd be a fool and done with it. Here have I been married to you five years, and you have never seen one thing in me out of the way. Yet you will be jealous at every trifling thing, and make misery for us both. Why will you do so?"

"Why will I? And isn't your spending an hour with Mabel Brown at this time of night something to be jealous of, I'd like to know?"

"But I haven't been with Mabel. It's her father that I have been talking with. And I've been engaging work, to earn money to feed and clothe you with."

"O, that's right. Twist away. *You* feed and clothe me? I'd like to know what *I* do? O, I knew you'd stop with her when you went away! I knew it, for I saw the love in your eye!"

Argument was useless now. John swore that he cared nothing for Mabel Brown, while Susan declared that he did.

"Very well," said the poor man, after he had been told for the twentieth time that he loved Mabel better than he did his own wife, "very well, Susan, let it go so. If there is a man in the world who could stand and hear such stuff from your lips as I have heard to-night, and then love you after it, I should like to see him."

At this Mrs. Nottleby burst into a furious flood of tears, and her husband went off to bed.

It was several days before this storm passed over, and even after John had commenced to paint Mr. Brown's house, his wife would often pass and repass the premises to see if her husband was steady at his work. Once she saw Mabel out holding his brush for him while he mixed some paint, and on that evening the domestic wind changed, and a squall passed over.

It was some weeks after this that the cap-sheaf was put upon Mrs. Nottleby's jealousy. One noon her husband threw off his working clothes and put on a nicer suit. She asked him where he was going, and he replied that he had some business to attend to. He went away, and she, with her jealousy beginning to move within her, commenced to wonder where he had gone. Of course all her conjectures took the darkest sides and shades of human probabilities, and ere long she had made up her mind that "there was *something* in the wind."

About five o'clock, Mrs. Mason, a female friend, called in on a short visit. Various matters were talked over, and at length the visitor said:

"By the way, Mrs. Nottleby, who was that woman that I saw your husband with this afternoon?"

Susan's eyes snapped in a moment, and her soul was in arms.

"*Woman?*" she uttered.

"Yes. I saw him coming up from the depot with a female leaning on his arm."

"Do you mean that, Mrs. Mason? Did you see *my* husband with a woman on his arm *this* afternoon?"

"I did—not over an hour since."

"O, the wretch! the wretch!"

"But it may have been a friend, Susan; or some—"

"Yes—it was a *friend!* Ah! Mrs. Mason, you don't know how I suffer! You don't—"

"Is it possible, my dear Mrs. Nottleby, that your husband is unfaithful?"

"Does not this look like it?"

"But I never would have believed that of John Nottleby," the visitor said, zealously. "This female may have been—"

"Ah, Mrs. Mason, you don't know anything about that man, now. If he had been going on any honorable business he would have told me."

"But perhaps he did not think of it."

"Yes, he did! O, the wretch! He came home and dressed up, and when I asked him where he was going, he would not tell me. O, I cannot live so!"

Mrs. Mason made her escape as soon as possible, but there was a smile upon her face as she stood in the hall, and ere she left, she said, very quietly:

"I fear, Susan, that you will make your husband unfaithful, if he is not so now. Were I to accuse my husband of impropriety without *knowing* of what I spoke, or were I to betray a jealousy of his movements, I am sure I should drive all his love away, and then it would be no wonder if he should seek for that comfort in the companionship of others which he could not find at home."

"But your husband aint my husband Mrs. Mason."

This was said rather severely, and, without answering, the visitor left.

From that time until her husband returned, Mrs. Nottleby suffered much, but she formed a wew resolution for this time. She was resolved that she would now catch her husband in the very midst of his faithlessness. So she made up her mind that she would not say anything of what she had heard until she could find out some clue to his villany—some direct proof of his wickedness. It was hard for her to bridle her tongue, but she did it.

At the usual supper hour John came. He was all smiles and joy. Mrs. N. came near giving way to her passion. O, the villain! See the smiles on his face, and the joy in his false, black heart. Even in his own house, and before his own wife, he hesitates not to show the ecstacy he feels in his guilty love!

After supper Mr. Nottleby arose and put on his hat. It was almost sundown, and what could be his business out again?

"I shall be back soon, my love," he said, smiling with real kindness and joy.

"O, you will—eh?" the wife uttered, in a tone than which none could be more contemptuous.

"I shall, most assuredly," he replied, moving to her side, and attempting to kiss her.

But she pushed him off with indignation.

"Put not your polluted lips to mine, sir!"

"Susan?"

"Away! touch me not!"

Mr. Nottleby gazed a moment into his wife's face, and then, without another word, he turned from the apartment. As soon as he had gone, the wife hurried away to her dressing room, and threw on her bonnet and shawl as quickly as possible, and in a few moments more she was in the street. She looked down towards the centre of the village, and she saw her husband making his way down with quick steps, and, with steps of her own, full as quick, she followed him. At length she saw him enter the hotel, and then she walked more slowly.

The sun was just sinking when she reached the broad hall into which she had seen her husband enter, and, having assured herself that she was not seen by him, she made her way on to the kitchen, where were one or two females with whom she was acquainted. She found the landlady herself there, and, as soon as she could command herself and get breath, she called her one side.

"Mrs. Varnum—excuse me—but my husband is in this house."

"He is," replied the landlady.

"And—and—there's a female with him!"

"He brought a lady with him this afternoon."

"He did!—Yes—I know it. Where is that woman's room?"

"Do you wish to see her?"

"I wish to see my husband, madam."

For a single moment a flush of anger appeared on Mrs. Varnum's face, but she soon drove it away, and a faint, pitying smile too. its place.

"You will find the lady's room at number fifteen, just as the head of the stairs," she said, and then returned to her work.

Mrs. Nottleby started off in quest of the vile partner. Number fifteen was very easily found, and, as she stepped near the door, she heard voices. She listened, and one of them was a female voice, the other, her husband's! Her fire was up now, and, having given her teeth one good gritting, and her hands a good clenching, she threw open the door and stalked into the room. Mercy!—what a sight! There, upon a broad sofa, sat her own husband, and by his side —close to him—sat a woman!

There was not light enough in the apartment to enable Mrs. Nottleby to distinguish countenances plainly, but she knew that the woman was handsome.

"And so you have *business*, Mr. Nottleby!" the mad wife hissed out, with doubly-refined and extra-concentrated venom. "*This* is your business, is it?"

"Susan!" uttered Mr. Nottleby, at first seeming to doubt whether or no his wife could be in earnest.

"Don't call me Susan, you poor, mean, dirty, sneaking, despicable, rascally, contemptible wretch, you! Now you'll plead innocence again, wont you? You'll be like a babe, I s'pose. O, yes! 'Tis n't likely butter would melt in your mouth! O you nasty, low, miserable, creeping, rotten-hearted villain!"

Both the gentleman and his companion seemed thunder-struck, but the Xantippe gave them little opportunity to think, for as soon as she could gain breath enough, she turned to the woman.

"And you," she uttered, while her teeth gritted like two rocks, "you are in fine business, arn't you? I'd like to know what you think of yourself, you low, sunken, degraded creature! How will you ever dare to show your face by daylight again? But you haint got no shame, you poor, miserable, degraded, dirty thing, you!"

"*Susan!*" spoke the woman, in a tone of pain and surprise, "*Susan, is this you?*"

Mrs. Nottleby started back aghast, and a deadly pallor overspread her face. Then she bent forward and gazed eagerly into the face of her who had spoken. A few moments she stood thus, and then, with a low, deep groan of shame, she tottered forward and sank down upon her knees, with her face hidden in the woman's lap.

"O, Susan! Susan!"

"Forgive me! Forgive me! O, my mother, I did not know 'twas you!"

"But you knew 'twas your husband, my child. You knew him."

"O—I did not—I—I—O, forgive me!"

"And have you no faith in your husband's honor?—no confidence in his love?"

But Susan began to cry, and her mother clasped her to her bosom and kissed her, and for the present the matter was passed over.

Susan had not seen her mother before for four long years. The very next year after she was married her parents moved away South, and she had not seen them since.

Ere long the door was opened again, and when Susan looked up, she saw a tall, stout, manly form, and when she heard his voice, she knew 'twas her father. She arose and uttered a low cry of joy, and was, on the next moment, clasped to his bosom.

Shortly after this, the party started for John's dwelling. It was some time before Susan could be herself, but even then she could not be wholly happy; and through the whole long evening she suffered much.

"Ah, John, you couldn't keep the secret after all, eh?" said Mr. Perkins, towards the latter part of the evening.

"What secret, father?" asked Susan, without reflection.

"Why, when I sent the telegraphic despatch to John, this forenoon, I just hinted to him not to let you know it, but to meet us at the depot. He met us there, and as I had imperative business at the upper mills, I told him to take your mother to the hotel, and let her stop there until I came, and then we'd take you by surprise. But he couldn't hold it, it seems."

"Ah," interposed the mother, as she saw her daughter's face mantling with shame, "Susy found us out. She mistrusted there was something in the wind."

Poor Susan! she saw now how she had wronged her husband; and she saw, too, why he had been so happy when he came home to supper. She resolved in her heart, if she could ever get over this, that she would never be jealous again.

It was a week after that, and Susan and her mother sat alone together in the snug little sitting-room of the former. Her beloved visitors were to return on the next day.

"And now, my child," said the mother, in continuation of a subject already broached, "what have you ever seen in John to give you cause for jealousy?"

"Why—"

"Ah, Susan—none of that. Speak promptly. If, by one single act of his life he has given you just cause to distrust his faith, you have not forgotten it. Now has he ever done so?"

"No, mother—he has not."

"And yet you see how you would have ruined him."

"But he had been cold, mother; and he almost treated me with neglect, at times."

"And why should he not? Why, Susan, if I should—or rather if I had, at your age, spoken but once to my husband as you admit you had spoken to John before he ever showed any neglect, he would have spurned me from him at once. O, my child, if you would ruin your husband, let him see that your confidence is lost in him. If you would drive him from you, let him see that you are jealous of him."

"I see it all, mother—I see it, and I will do so no more."

On the evening of the next day John Nottleby and his wife were left alone with their two little children. The little ones were put to bed, and for some time afterwards the husband and wife sat in silence. At length Susan arose and took a seat by John's side, and winding her arm about his neck, she murmured:

"John, we will never be unhappy again." Her voice trembled, and the tears started down her cheeks, and with a low sob, she buried her face in his bosom.

The husband knew what she meant, but he could only wind his arms about her, and draw her more closely to him. He knew how truly she loved him, and how kind her heart was by nature, and he believed she had received a lesson that would effectually cure her of the one only fault of her domestic life.

And the husband's hopes were blessed, for Susan courted the green-eyed monster no more. She had fully realized how dangerous such a domestic indweller was, and from that time she gave not again her heart to the demon.

ANECDOTE OF CHANCELLOR KENT.

The late Chancellor Kent was one of those men whose innate dignity enabled him to take in good part familiarity—the result of ignorance and accident. He was exceedingly fond of martial music; and hearing the drums of a recruiting party who had taken a station at the corner of the street, best a point of war, he walked out to listen to it nearer. Insensibly he was whistling the burden of the tune, when the man of war accosted him thus:

"You are fond of such music, then, my fine fellow?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, then," said Serjeant Kite, "why not join us? Good quarters—good bounty—large bounty! Besides, our captain is a glorious fellow. Why don't you now? You can't do better."

"Well," said the chancellor, "I have one pretty strong objection."

"What is it?" asked the sergeant.

"Why, just now I happen to have a better trade!"

"What trade is it?" said the inquisitor.

"I am chancellor of the State of New York."

"Whew!" muttered the Sergeant. "Strike up!—quick time!—forward, march!"

Off stamped the military in time without looking behind him, leaving the chancellor to enjoy his laugh at the adventure.—*N. Y. Sun.*

BOYS IN MERCHANT VESSELS.

Most of the better class of merchantmen continue to take out several boys, say from two to eight, as a part of their available force for working the ship; and in many instances where masters are interested in the welfare of the boys, a "boys' room" is provided, that they may be kept separate from the men and their influence. For berths of this description, in the China ships particularly, the applications have been very numerous for a long time,—far exceeding the wants of the service; and will continue to be, until "school-ships" are provided in connection with the navy, and instruction, as well as discipline and comparative exemption from evil influences, is secured. The commanders of the ships generally have the privilege of selecting or rejecting whom they choose. Not unfrequently, these lads are retained until qualified for responsible positions.—*Journal of Commerce.*

PERSEVERANCE.

A provincial judge, a great bore in his way, called upon Bantru, wishing to see him. A valet announced him.

"Tell him I am in bed."

"Sir, he says he will wait till you are risen."

"Tell him I am very ill."

"He says he will prescribe some remedy."

"Tell him I am at the last extremity."

"He says he wishes to say adieu to you."

"Tell him I am dead."

"He says he'll sprinkle you with holy water."

"Confound him, let him in!"—*France and Frenchmen.*

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.—*Franklin.*

Jester's Picnic.

"O, pa, I have just seen one of the worsest dog fights as was ever seen or heam tell of in the world."

"Well, Simon, my boy, how was it?"

"Well, there was one great, big, black dog, with white ears and a brass collar, and one lyde black and green dog, what hadn't no man with him, and as—"

"Come, come, Simon, don't talk so fast, you get every thing mixed up; stop and get breath a moment, and not blow so like a porpoise."

"Well, I want to tell you how one dog with the white ears got on one side of the meeting-house, and the other meeting-house with the yellow dog; no, no, I mean one meeting house with the yeller green cars, got on one side of the dog, and the other he—no, no, the white dog with the yeller ear, he gave a yelp at the meeting-house, and the dog—O, dad, I'm give out—there was no dog at all."

A friend of ours relates to us the following:—He was *en route* for New York—got out at station leaving his "better half" sole occupant of the seat—returning found a good-looking gentleman occupying his seat and making himself sociable with his travelling companion—politely requested the stranger to give him his seat.

"Your seat, sir!" said the stranger; "I don't know that you have any better claim to it than I have."

"Very well, sir," replied our friend, "if you will keep it, allow me to introduce you to my *wife!*"

The stranger looked blank, and made very hasty tracks for the next car.

The editor of the Sandusky Register lately called at the house of the girl he is "after," where he had the following conversation with the lovely servant girl:

Gent—Is Miss W—— at home? (With a sweet smile.)

Biddy—She is, sir. (Scratching her head.)

Gent—Is she engaged? (Twirling his hat and trying to look "killing.")

Biddy—Engaged is it? Faith, an' I can't say, sir; but she kissed Misther V—— last avenin' as if she had never seen the like ov him, an it's engaged that I b'lave they are, sir.

The last seen of the editor *he was engaging* a passage to Toledo where they had the cholera.

M. Montonnet was awoke at an early hour by a furious ringing at his front door-bell, and in a few moments his old and staunch friend, M. Crispan rushed into the room. "My dear Montonnet, I saw it all—and I have arranged it all." "What have you seen, and what have you arranged?" "I saw an impertinent fellow look at you in an insolent manner last night at the theatre; and I have been to him, and settled time, place, and pistols. Come, get up, my dear Montonnet, you have not a moment to spare!"

"Phairest of the phair," sighed the lover, "phancy my pheeling when I phorsee the phearful consequences of the pheeling phrom your phather's phamily. Phew phellows could have phaced the music with as much phortitude as I have; and as phickel phortune phails to smile upon our love, I phind I must phorego the pleasure of becoming your husband. Phair Phrances pharewell phorever." "Hold, Phranklin, hold," screamed Phrances, "I will phollow you phorever." But Phranklin had phled, and Phrances had phainted.

A physician who resides in the southern portion of New York city, upon visiting a patient at the extreme north, was asked by the sick man, "if he did not find it inconvenient to come such a distance."

"Not at all, sir," replied the son of Esculapius, "for having another patient in the next street, I can kill two birds with one stone."

"Can you, sir!" replied the invalid, "then you are too good a shot for me;" and immediately dismissed him.

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